THE NEW YORK MONTHLY ▸ DECEMBER $2.50

SPY



BRAT$

Tracking Down
New York's Big Babies
by Paul Rudnick

How to Be a
CELEBRITY

BOB STERN
BO BERN
BANANA FANA
FO FERN

HOLIDAY SUPER BOWL
Christmas vs. Chanukah

Sid & Nancy
AND
Ron & Nancy

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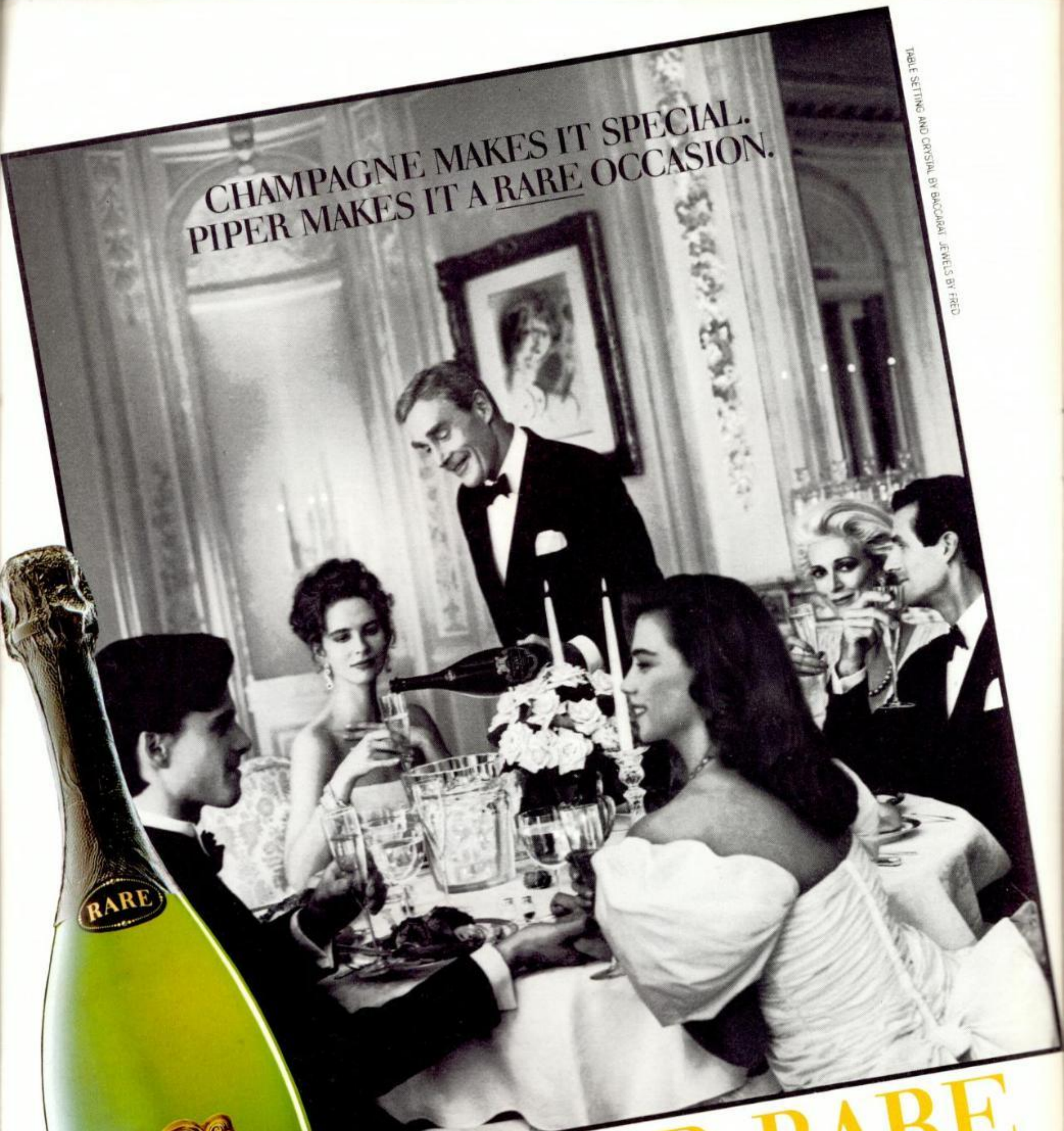


TABLE SETTING AND CRYSTAL BY BACCARAT. JEWELS BY FRED.

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'ETRIER' 100% Wool Herringbone Twill Jacket, with Contrasting Multi-Pleated, Maxi-Plaid Skirt.



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THE COVER: Cornelia Guest photographed by Bert Stern. Dress: Fabrice. Jewelry: Harry Winston. Hair: Sacha Cohen for Jean Louis David. Makeup: Jim Brusock. Chair: Hyde Park Antiques

DECEMBER 1986

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Royal Naval Uniform Courtesy Gieves & Hawkes No. 1 Savile Row London Photo: Harold T. Schrieber

Sale of the Season

DIANNE B.

MEN & WOMEN

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426 WEST BROADWAY

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RELIGION AND MONEY MAKE DECEMBER A GIDDY MONTH: MIDNIGHT MASS AND END-OF-THE-YEAR TAX SCHEMING, MENORAHS and weekends in Aruba, rousing hymns and sable coats (and in certain Episcopal churches, rousing hymns about sable coats). ▲ Religion and money are *the* Christmassy combo. So maybe Pat Robertson, the sweet-talking Christian television personality, was just getting a holiday head start when he sued one of his old Marine buddies for libel for millions of dollars. The ex-Marine alleges that Robertson sleazed his way out of Korean combat duty by means of his father's political connections. (These days Robertson *brags* about using his connections with God the Father to steer hurricanes away from Virginia, where he lives.) ▲ As you might imagine, we are somewhat ambivalent concerning



Religion and Money Make December

Christian evangelist mimes, whom we learned about in a new paperback called *Mime Ministry*. The good news: they don't speak. The bad news: they are mimes, and they're Christian evangelists. ▲ Jay Iselin, the departing president of Channel 13, was among the first of the really successful TV evangelists. He is the man who decided that public television should spend a vast portion of its airtime begging viewers to send in money. He was purged for being broadcasting's John Lindsay, years after that sort of WASPy expansiveness was out of style. "'Whatever you need here, we'll make the capital,'" Bill Moyers recalls the Spendthrift of 58th Street telling him. "That's Iselin. He'd commit and then worry about how to pay for it later." Moyers meant this as praise. ▲ Just in time for holiday shopping, 37 ferociously overpaid young employees of Goldman, Sachs, the investment bank, have become ferociously overpaid young partners of Goldman, Sachs—three times as many new partners as the firm ordinarily names. Why? Because, management said, the company is making so much money, more partners were needed to sop up some of the profits. One of those not selected was David





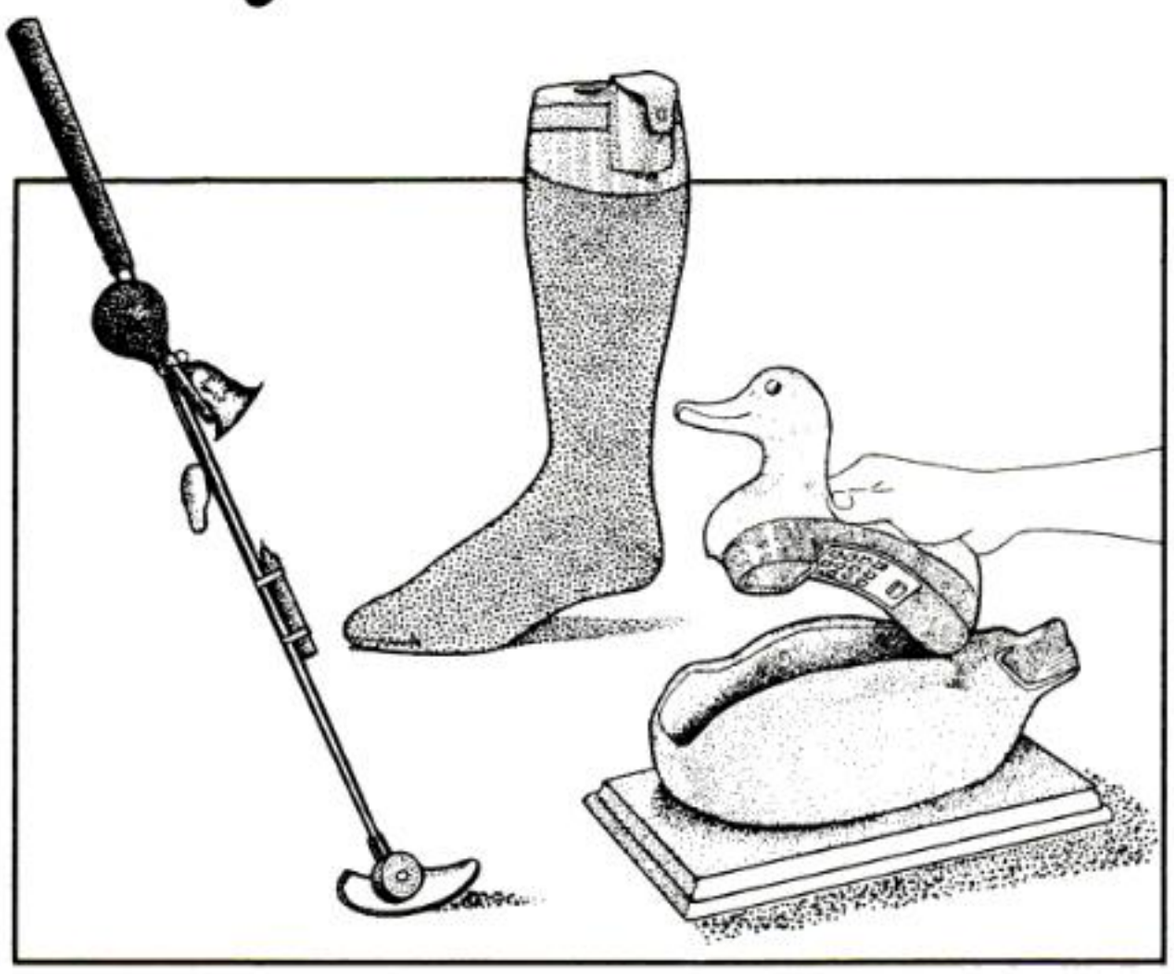


Warren Buffett, Samuel and Donald Newhouse, Walter Annenberg, William Ziff, Rupert Murdoch, Joe Allbritton and Malcolm Forbes are in publishing, just like SPY. *They, however, are worth around $7 billion.*



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Once in a while we just can't resist



We like to think that our customers, over the past 138 years, have come to appreciate how diligently we attempt to offer only the world's best and most unique and functional merchandise. To that end, an independent but affiliated, not-for-profit research organization screens and evaluates every product we offer for sale.

However, certain products, while meeting our criteria, seem by their very nature to defy the seriousness with which they were evaluated. They are, in their way, completely functional and certainly "most unique". But add to that, quite irresistable.

Schmeckenbecker Putter. Standard size putter with direction finding compass, lucky rabbit's foot, green-reading level, candle light for after dark finishes, tape measure to confirm "gimmie distance", air horn to alert bystanders and more. For the golfer with everything but a scratch handicap. Unconditionally guaranteed$39.95

Electrically Heated Socks. Originally developed for hunters and fishermen, these electrically heated socks operate on two D batteries (included) and keep feet warm for hours. Machine washable. Calf-length grey with red top. Unconditionally guaranteed Pair $24.95

The Mallard Duck Decoy Phone. This unique telephone alerts you with a series of quacks, rather than with a ring, to an incoming call. Made of Malayan jelutong, a fine, straight-textured wood, it is hand carved and painted. Can be used on either pulse or tone systems. LED indicators in the duck's eyes light up when there is an incoming call or when the receiver is removed from the base. Unconditionally guaranteed.....$99.50

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S. Brown, member of the Dennis Levine insider-trading gang and former Goldman man. In court, however, he was allowed to keep his co-op in the East Sixties, $65,000 in cash and a $10,000 IRA.

One of the new Goldman, Sachs partners is black, the firm's first. At the same moment, the Nigerian Wole Soyinka won the Nobel Prize in Literature, the first black African writer to get the prize. (Readers of SPY know, of course, that Soyinka has been promoted and published in these pages for years.)

For being a Nobel winner, Soyinka gets around $290,000, tax-free. Woody Allen owes around $300,000 in taxes, the IRS claims, from business losses he improperly claimed for 1977 and 1978. The Woodman disputes the IRS's claim and is demanding a trial. The New York City municipal-corruption trial in New Haven was like a comedy (*Take the Money and Run for Office?*), especially the day former Parking Violations Bureau Deputy Director Geoffrey G. Lindenauer explained, under oath, how he had been "cheated" by businessmen who had underpaid their bribes.

Could we please, please send Lindenauer and some of his convicted compatriots to serve their time aboard the old Staten Island ferryboat that is now being turned into a New York City prison ship? Even criminals deserve to share in a bit of that South Street Seaport renovate-and-retrofit mania. Maybe the inmates could dress up like pirates. Maybe they could manufacture fake scrimshaw trinkets, or David's cookie dough in bulk.

The honest Queens Democrat, presidential candidate Mario Cuomo, is going through an excessively candid phase. First he admitted that, well, maybe the Mafia does exist after all. Then he suggested that given the choice between welfare and work, Puerto Ricans prefer the easy money. Then, like Japan's Prime Minister Nakasone, he apologized.

The man whose peer Cuomo aspires to be, Mikhail Gorbachev, has all along been called Westernized, modern, progressive. But recently Gorbachev, in reference to social change in the Soviet Union, spoke of the clash "taking place as we readjust and revitalize our life style." Our *life-style?* It's true: for the first time, the general secretary of the Communist Party of the USSR is groovy.

Will that lead to peace on earth? Depends on whether an arms-control life-style can be revitalized in Washington. Will this be a happy holiday season? Depends on whether we find the new *Esquire* audiotape of Edward Asner reading a William Burroughs short story under the tree. (We begged Santa—*begged* him—for no Asner and no Burroughs this year.) And will we ever finish with these damned December questions?

Sure.

LETTERS TO SPY

DEAR EDITORS Just what is it that makes Mr. Lish ["What I Know About Gordon Lish . . . So Far," October] think that if his wife can get three diaphragms, she couldn't get four or five? I love your magazine, I can't put it down; I could be fired for this! I hope successive issues are even larger.

Christine Andersen Rubens,
New York

DEAR EDITORS In reference to Mimi Kramer's article on Gordon Lish, I can only say, as a writer, that Harold Brodkey not only helps me to live and accept death but, based upon recent stories in *The New Yorker*, he has helped me learn to love.

Allen Stewart,
Brooklyn

DEAR EDITORS I took a course with Lish, and he was just like that.

Esther Cohen,
New York

DEAR EDITORS I read many magazines every month. Too many. Ask anyone. So naturally I picked up yours.

Not only is your design provocative and imaginative without being derivative and trendy; not only is the writing sharp and perceptive without being the usual puff pieces or bitchy whining; not only are the photos droll; but I actually read *all* the articles, captions and fillers! Most of them aloud to friends.

Robert de Michiell,
New York

DEAR EDITORS First reactions:
1. I cannot give much credence to social criticism by people who don't know how to spell *barbecue*.
2. If your designer's aim was to produce a magazine that looks like the arrangement of messages, clippings and pictures on our refrigerator door, he or she succeeded.

William S. Wallace,
New York

We know how to spell barbecue. The Beach Boys' handlers don't, apparently, and we were quoting a contract of theirs.

DEAR EDITORS I am not interested in becoming a subscriber. My rationale may seem a bit eccentric, but here it is: while studying the masthead, I noticed that Taki is listed as a contributing editor. How appropriately named he is. It was his vile, nauseating column in *Esquire* several years ago that induced me to cancel my subscription with them after ten years. *Esquire* had been steadily declining in quality, but that twit's appearance was, for me, the final straw. I have no desire to encounter him again in print if I can prevent it. I wish you success—your publication shows promise.

David Greenwald,
Hoboken, New Jersey

DEAR EDITORS I'm sure the congratulations are pouring in, but let me add to them. Your first SPY is terrific; it surpassed all of my expectations. Never have so many of the right people been tweaked in one place at the same time. You've demonstrated that indignation over a lowering of standards can be combined with a good, clean sense of fun in a magazine in which a John Weitz can still proudly display his car.

I appreciated the Lish and Janowitz bringdowns ["Free the Tama Janowitz Slaves," October]. All of the marginalia are worth the eyestrain. My personal favorite in the first issue is Roy Blount Jr.'s Un-British Crossword. It may be his best work yet. And the art direction is one of the high marks; your magazine already has a fresh, smart look.

Peter Gambaccini,
New York

DEAR EDITORS I noticed that you fellas call yourselves "The New York Monthly." However, in the entire magazine I didn't notice a single black person. This includes the ads. If you're really serious about the "New York Monthly" moniker, you really should consider giving blacks some coverage. Besides making up over half the population of the city, they're really quite funny people and could serve as a great source of story ideas.

Keep it up, white boys.

A. E. Robinson,
New York

DEAR EDITORS No doubt about it, you all are going to be stuck with a hit on your hands instead of the egg on the face that some were hopefully predicting.

Malcolm S. Forbes,
New York

SPY welcomes letters from its readers. Address correspondence to SPY, The Puck Building, 295 Lafayette Street, New York, N.Y. 10012. Please include your daytime telephone number.

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NAKED CITY

LOCKER-ROOM POLITICS

1) GEORGE BUSH'S VARSITY BASEBALL STATISTICS:

YEAR	TEAM	LEAGUE	POS.	G	AB	R	H	HR	RBI	AVG.	SLUG.	PO	FLDG.	TEAM REC.
1947	Yale	Ivy	1B	26	88	16	21	1	9	.239	.295	252	.974	17-8-1
(Postseason)				4	15	3	2	0	0	.133	.133	29	1.000	2-2
1948	Yale	Ivy	1B	25	87	15	23	1	14	.264	.414	190	.990	17-7-1

2) MARIO CUOMO'S MINOR LEAGUE RECORDS:

On August 18, 1951, Cuomo, an outfielder, was signed by the Pittsburgh Pirates for a $2,000 bonus, a salary of $160 per month and guaranteed return transportation. He was assigned to Salisbury, of the North Carolina State League, which in February sold him for $100 to Brunswick, of the Georgia-Florida League.

YEAR	CLUB	CLASS	G	AB	R	H	TB	2B	3B	HR	RBI	BB	SO	SB	AVG.
1952	Brunswick	D	81	254	31	62	79	10	2	1	26	54	55	7	.244

That was his only season. In May 1953 Brunswick placed Cuomo on the Restricted List, where he remained until February 1, 1957, when he was sold for $100 to Jamestown, of the Pennsylvania–Ontario–New York League, which in June of that year sold him to Salem, of the Northwest League, for $100. In January 1960 Cuomo was sold by Salem to Dubuque, of the Midwest League, for $10. On December 9, 1960, Dubuque sold Cuomo for $10 to Batavia, of the New York–Pennsylvania League, which did not release him until 1965, or nine years after he received his law degree.

3) JACK KEMP'S FOOTBALL RECORDS:

Kemp's AFL records included Most Passes Attempted, Most Passes Completed, Second Most Touchdowns Rushing, Most Yards Gained (all Lifetime), Most AFL Championship Game Appearances (five) and, tied with six others, Second Most Seasons Leading League in Passing (one). When the AFL merged with the NFL in 1970, the career records of both leagues were integrated, and Kemp was knocked from among the leaders in all categories but two: Second Most Fumbles Recovered, Own and Opponents', Career (38) and Second Most Fumbles Recovered, Own, Career (38).

—J.M.



THE FINE PRINT

by Jamie Malanowski

TORTS FROM THE STATE COURTS

Case No. 08204

Corkery v. Madonna Et. Al.

A Daily News photographer, Richard Corkery, is suing Madonna, her personal corporation, her bodyguard, her agents and managers and her record company over an incident that occurred at Palladium on June 6, 1985. Corkery alleges that "without any just cause or provocation" he was "maliciously assaulted and put in fear of bodily harm by the defendant Clayton Earl Tave," Madonna's bodyguard, who allegedly committed actions that were "intentional, malicious, wanton and without any regard to the well-being of the plaintiff." He further contends that Madonna herself "acted in a manner which was careless, negligent and dangerous," and that she and her business associates failed in their "duty to properly train, instruct, supervise, direct and control" Tave. Corkery says that he suffered trauma to his face, trauma to his right cheek, trauma to his mouth, grogginess, pain on the left side of his neck, tenderness on the left side of his neck, muscle strain, severe personal embarrassment, personal shame and degradation—this is a Daily News photographer—humiliation and belittlement in the presence of colleagues and humiliation and belittlement in the presence of strangers, mental anguish and anxiety, personal scorn and rejection, detention in full view of strangers during the attack, feelings of inadequacy and insufficiency and fear for his personal well-being and safety. He is suing for $35 million plus damages. The defendants' (continued)

THE SAME OLD STUFF

(A Few Recent Articles From New York Magazine)

"The New Snobbery"
"The City's Brash New Builders"
"The New Game of Co-ops and Condos"
"A New Day Dawns in Brooklyn"
"Brave New Business"
"The New Dating Game"
"The New Corruption"
"Interiors: The New City Chic"
"The Mob's New Face"
"The New Godfather"
"The Hard New World of Network TV"
"The New Newsweekly Look"
"Ronald Perelman, The New Mr. Revlon"
"Bob Fosse's New 'Big Deal'"
"Papa's New Baby"
"Tasters' Choice, A New Shopping Guide"
"Holiday Entertaining: The New Way"

—Howard Kaplan

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SEPARATED AT BIRTH?



Edward M. Kennedy and . . .



. . . Sarah Ferguson?



Caspar W. Weinberger and . . .



. . . Jean Cocteau?



Meryl Streep and . . .



. . . Mike Nichols?

SID & NANCY & RON & NANCY

SID & NANCY	RON & NANCY
Meet professionally: he's a rock star, she's a groupie.	Meet professionally: he's a B-movie actor, she's a B-movie actress.
Nancy gives up her "career" for Sid. Her ambition feeds his.	Nancy gives up her "career" for Ron. Her ambition feeds his.
Nancy encourages Sid's solo aspirations.	Nancy encourages Ron's political aspirations.
Frequent public displays of affection.	Frequent public displays of affection.
Nancy and Sid are too self-involved to have children.	Nancy and Ron are too self-involved to pay attention to their children.
Sid rarely knows what city he's in.	Ron rarely knows what country he's in.
Nancy: drug-induced anorexia.	Nancy: fashion-induced anorexia.
Nancy prompts Sid when he forgets lyric onstage.	Nancy prompts Ron when he flubs answer during press conference.
Sid falls off stages.	Nancy falls off podiums.
Sid's perceptions of the world are blurred by the drugs he takes constantly. He might as well stay home.	Ron's perceptions of the world are blurred by the nostalgia he indulges in constantly. He might as well take drugs.
Seeing Sid and Nancy's decline is a strong antidrug statement.	Seeing Nancy and Ron's antidrug campaign is enough to make anyone crave sedation. *—Lynn Geller*

attorneys deny the allegations. Furthermore, they say that any alleged injuries were "the result of culpable conduct" by Corkery, and that the defendants' actions were "justified" and "necessary." No trial date has been set.

Case No. 08663
Brooke Astor (among others) v. the City of New York
The well-known philanthropist is listed as a plaintiff because property she kept in storage was allegedly damaged when a water main broke near 73rd Street and Park Avenue on October 25, 1984. Astor's personal attorney says she lost "extra chairs she kept for large dinner parties." She was indemnified by her insurance company, which is bringing this suit to recover what it paid for her loss and the losses of four other plaintiffs. Attorneys allege that the damage was caused by the "negligence" of the city.

At least two trial dates have been set and postponed at the city's request.

Case No. 12194
Ornette Coleman v. Stanley Bernstein, Sid Bernstein, Sidstan Music Publishing Co. Inc., and Sid Bernstein Associates
Jazz saxophonist Ornette Coleman is suing his agents, one of whom is Sid Bernstein, who gained notoriety in the late seventies for running full-page ads in the Sunday Times calling on the Beatles to reunite for a concert to raise millions for charity. Coleman alleges "defendants failed to secure performance and recording engagements" and to manage his business affairs, and that the defendants are withholding money collected by them on his behalf. The suit also contends that he owns silk screens, sculptures and other works of art by Robert Rauschenberg and other "renouned" [sic] artists, which the defendants refuse to return.

Coleman is suing for the allegedly withheld money plus $5 million in damages. No trial date has been set.

Case No. 13784
Frank Et. Al. v. Yoko Ono Lennon
Rick Frank, Gary Van Scyoc, Wayne Gabriel and Stanley Bronstein—members of the rock band Elephant's Memory—are suing Yoko Ono for over $8 million apiece. The

(continued)

UNFIT TO PRINT

In most newspapers in America, real estate coverage is little more than an excuse for promoting the enterprises of advertisers. The *Post*, of course, is the flagrant practitioner (*Great New Poconos Resort Selling Out Fast*). But when it comes to casino operator Donald Trump, the *Times* stoops, too. *"Mr. Trump's buildings,"* Lisa W. Foderaro wrote in the About Real Estate column, *"are known to the well-to-do worldwide for their sumptuousness. . . ."* During poor, bitter Abe Rosenthal's very last week as executive editor, the newspaper of record succumbs to out-and-out Robin Leachiness.

IS THERE A MAGAZINE IN THIS, HENRY?

(Time Inc. Spots a Trend)

"The Labrador retriever pulls her master's wheelchair, carries his ninth-grade homework and . . . [obeys] 89 commands."—*Life*, November 1986 (went on sale October 13)

"Fetching [wheelchair-bound] Kerrill's favorite candy and carrying money to the cashier are part of [Labrador] Abdul's shopping chores. . . . Abdul obeys 130 different commands."—*Picture Week*, October 20 (went on sale October 13)

"[Wheelchair-bound] Price is accompanied by Lawrence Wall, a graduate student who helps him with the shopping, driving and other household chores."—*People*, October 20 (went on sale October 13)

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THE LIZ SMITH TOTE BOARD

Mentioned During October

Paramount Pictures	**8**
Richard Pryor	**5**
Barbara Walters	**5**
Carol Channing	**4**
Whoopi Goldberg	**4**
Elton John	**4**
Don Johnson	**4**
Amy Carter	**3**
Abe Rosenthal	**3**
Jerry Lewis	**2**
MGM/United Artists	**2**
SPY	**2**
Miss Piggy	**1**
Sylvester Stallone	**1**

WINDOW-SHOPPING: SEVEN THINGS NO ONE HAS EVER BOUGHT

Strolling the sidewalks of Manhattan on a recent Saturday, glancing in store windows, I was, not for the first time, awed by the number and variety of *things*. Despite the fact that people come to New York from all over the world simply to shop, I began to wonder who was buying all these things. And then it hit me: *nobody*.

New York's shops and stores are filled to the brim with certain objects that absolutely no one buys. Although the law of supply and demand would seem to dictate otherwise, these items remain on shelves, in display cases, on mannequins, in windows, sometimes for years.

Herewith, a list of seven items in Manhattan store windows, sitting for what seems like decades, that *no one has ever purchased*.

1. Three-piece tapestry-sided luggage set; Dinoffer, 57th Street.
2. Jar of brandied peaches; Fraser Morris, Madison Avenue.
3. Ticket to *The New York Experience*; Rockefeller Center.
4. Pink-chrysanthemum French poodle flower arrangement; Christatos & Koster Florists, Madison Avenue.
5. White porcelain elephant end table; Mayhew, Park Avenue.
6. Large porcelain oriental umbrella stand; Scully & Scully, Park Avenue.
7. Abstract lithograph; Vasarely Center, Madison Avenue. —*Mark Gauthier*

THE FINE PRINT

(continued)

band played—for free—behind John Lennon and Ono at the One to One charity concert in Madison Square Garden in 1972. About a year ago Ono okayed the commercial release of a recording and of a videotape of the event, which was aired on cable TV and was turned into a home video. Elephant's Memory alleges that Ono did not seek the band's permission to put out the material, nor is she paying them. Moreover, in another action, the keyboardist, Adam Ippolito, is suing Ono because she listed herself as a keyboard player on the credits. The band alleges in its complaint that when Ono was supposed to be playing, she merely sat at the piano and faked it while Ippolito performed. The band alleges it went along with this because it was a charity event.

HEALTH UPDATE

Bad news for hypochondriacs: no cases of anthrax, diphtheria or human rabies reported in the U.S. this year. Only 13 cases of cholera (in Louisiana and Florida). Only seven cases of the plague, all in the West—the mildest plague year since 1974.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR OF *THE NEW YORKER*

DEAR MR. SHAWN,
In William Pfaff's September 15 essay, "Reflections (Symbolism in Foreign Policy)," Mr. Pfaff concludes that it will take "Dorothy's magical silver shoes" to turn back communism in the Caribbean. Or something like that.

I wouldn't *dare* challenge *The New Yorker*'s ass-kicking fact checkers or anything, but didn't Dorothy wear ruby slippers?

Maybe Mr. Pfaff was cracking some Bunker Hunt joke that I'm not getting.

Mark Lasswell
New York

You mistakenly assume that Mr. Pfaff's point of reference was the 1939 Victor Fleming movie The Wizard of Oz. In fact, Mr. Pfaff was referring to L. Frank Baum's original book, in which Dorothy does wear silver shoes, not ruby slippers.

DEAR MR. SHAWN,
I was interested to note in Janet Malcolm's odd profile of *Artforum* editor Ingrid Sischy [October 20 and 27] that "the editor of [*The New Yorker*], for example, doesn't run out of the office several times a day to the luncheonette across the street to get coffee and pastry for his employees." I cannot help wondering what else you do not do. Hang-glide? Shoplift? Call your broker a lot?

Timothy Dorts
New Haven, Conn.

SPY welcomes letters to the editor of The New Yorker. Address correspondence to "Dear Mister Shawn," c/o SPY, The Puck Building, 295 Lafayette Street, New York, N.Y. 10012. Please include your daytime phone number.

THE OBJECT



From the Gallery of Wearable Art, West Broadway. Price: $1,875.00.

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ON THE TWELFTH DAY OF CHRISTMAS,
MY TRUE LOVE GAVE TO ME,
Twelve drummers drumming, Eleven pipers piping,
Ten lords a-leaping, Nine ladies dancing,

EIGHT STORES ON THOMPSON...



PETER FOX
(women's store)
105 Thompson Street
New York, New York
10012
431-6359

PETER FOX
(men's store)
105 Thompson Street
New York, New York
10012
431-7426

WALLENGREN/USA
72 Thompson Street
New York, New York
10012
966-2266

AM/PM
109 Thompson Street
New York, New York
10012
219-0343

CASHEW
110 Thompson Street
New York, New York
10012
431-8294

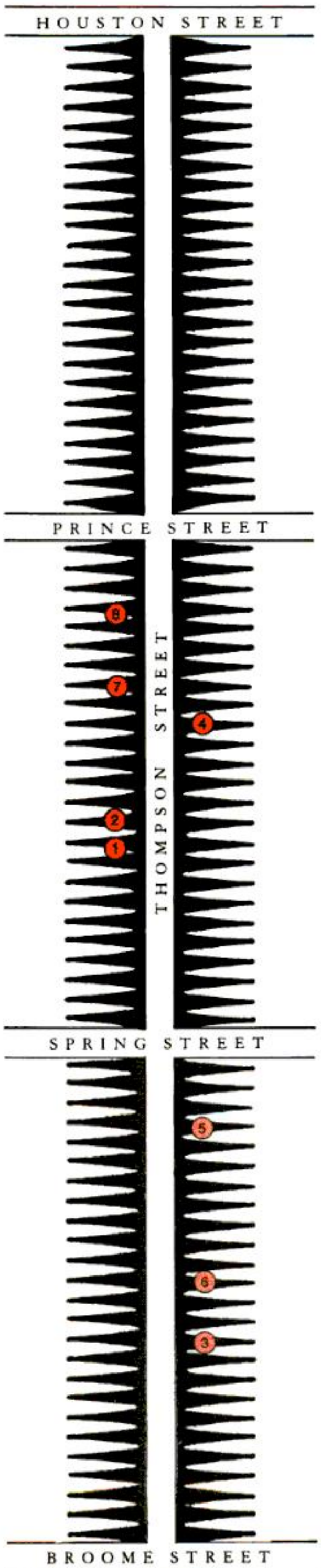
80 PAPERS
80 Thompson Street
New York, New York
10012
966-1491

OMEN
113 Thompson Street
New York, New York
10012
925-8923

BAILEY, BROWNING & DOWNS
72 Thompson Street
New York, New York
10012
219-9550

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EIGHT STORES ON THOMPSON



1 PETER FOX *for women* *A delicious darkness, a glistening pavement, the moon casting shadows just so, laughter and music wafting from around the corner—Peter Fox footwear turns a walk down the street into a night on the town. (The romantic boots pictured are available in six different colors.)*

2 PETER FOX *for men* *They say that you can spot a gentleman by his fingernails and his shoes. And they ought to add that you can spot a dashing gentleman by his Balmoral boots, fully Goodyear-welted in solid analine calf, from Peter Fox.*

3 WALLENGREN/USA *America the beautiful. A gallery of decorative art where graceful still-life settings make the artisans' designs—in glass, porcelain, clay and wood—as elegant as museum pieces.*

4 CASHEW *Cachet and carry. Wonderful, one-of-a-kind handbags—large or small, formal or fanciful—knowingly fashioned from fine leathers.*

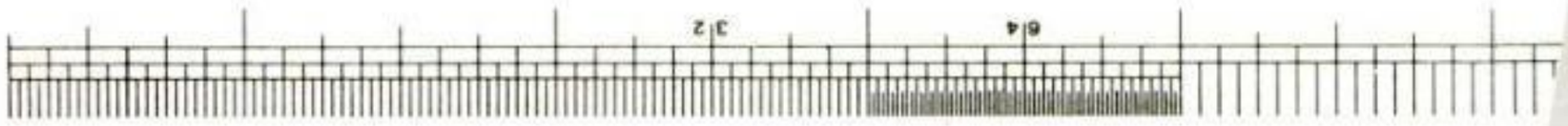
5 80 PAPERS *Specialties of the house. A treasure trove of small, beautiful pieces that enliven and enrich: handmade cards and boxes, hand-bound books and calendars, hand-blown Christmas tree ornaments and vases, ribbons and wraps galore.*

6 BAILEY, BROWNING & DOWNS *Clothing as art. Inventive designers offering their own singular, hand-stitched jackets, tops, hats—artful patchwork creations of intriguing fabrics.*

7 AM/PM *Morning to evening. Presenting a delightful blend of American and European lingerie and hosiery for women and men. Open seven days.*

8 OMEN *Rest and relaxation. There is no more perfect Thompson Street holiday shopping respite than a quiet, craftsmanlike Japanese meal at restaurant Omen. Sit. Sip. Enjoy.*

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THE BLOTTER

SPY's unofficial, highly selective account of incidents to which the New York City Police Department's specially trained rescue units responded during the five-week period ending October 20. Quotes are the police dispatchers'.

THE WILD KINGDOM

- Brooklyn—"cat inside the walls"
- The Bronx—"report of illegal clammers"
- Manhattan—"a bat at 88th and Lex."
- Brooklyn—"a snake job" on 49th St.
- East River—NYPD Harbor reports sighting lobsters upwater as far as East 42nd St.

LOONS

- "Three males stripping cars on the Interborough—one got stuck under auto and needs help getting out"
- Brooklyn—"jumper hanging out of twelfth-floor window with a crossbow. . . . ESU [Emergency Service Unit] Truck 8, Truck 6, ESU air bag on the way. . . . Jumper has started fire in building, smoke condition, Fire Department on scene"
- Queens—"naked male in the bushes wearing glasses that are broken"
- Brooklyn—"ESU requested with bolt cutters for male with nail stuck in foot"

TODAY IS THE FIRST DAY OF THE REST OF YOUR LIFE

- Pitt St.—"female jumper on roof"
- East 54th St.—"female jumper on crack"
- Queens—"jumper on the Triborough"
- George Washington Bridge—"Harbor responding to a report of a jumper down on the Jersey side"
- Manhattan—"jumper on East River crosswalk at 82nd Street and the FDR"
- West 52nd St.—"report of jumper . . . report of man out window"
- Thursday, October 9, between 10:00 a.m. and 2:00 p.m.—nine jumpers reported; ESU grabbed them all

FATTIES

- Queens—"a 350-pound man climbed a ladder on the roof of his house and cannot get down"
- The Bronx—"gain entry on 800-pound female aided"
- Brooklyn—"Adam 8, you through with that jumper?" "'4, Central, whaddayagot?" "Ah, I got a heavy job. I got an aided who fell out of bed and can't get up. . . . The aided weighs six-five-oh, and your services are requested." "*Aargghh!* 10-4, Central"

SHOPPING FOR CLOTHES

- Manhattan—"an EDP [Emotionally Disturbed Person] on the fifth floor at Bloomingdale's"

WHAT ABOUT AFTER TEUFEL'S ERROR?

- Saturday, October 18 (the evening of the opening game of the World Series)—no jumpers, few emergency runs

—Ann C. Mathers

A HIGH-TONED LOWDOWN

Deep in the night, while you are snug in your beds, delivery trucks are rumbling across the country, transporting a cargo of pickled ears, heads in brine, toes in aspic. The traffic in corpses is alive and robust. Splatter movies aside, the popular imagination has not been troubled lately by visions of the medical profession's spotless white concealing an industry of ghouls and cadavers. Confidence in doctors has grown considerably since 1788, when most physicians were driven out of New York City in the aftermath of the "Doctors' Riots," which occurred after a rash of grave robbings by medical students; or since 1888, when Robert Louis Stevenson immortalized the Edinburgh body snatchers Burke and Hare. But, as recent events demonstrate, perhaps not much has changed.

During the night of July 25, the head of Anthony Parisi Sr. was severed from his body and stolen from the Yannantuono Funeral Home in Mount Vernon. This outrage was discovered by mortuary workers when they went to ready the corpse for burial the next morning. Cops and coroner were called, but they were at a loss to account for either method or motive. The body had been seen intact late the previous day; the vault had been locked; a caretaker had periodically passed through during the night. A county medical examiner characterized the surgery as "professional work."

Both the mysterious operation and the polished technique bear a familiar ring—they recall the cattle mutilations of a decade ago. You remember them—bovines in remote areas of Montana and Wyoming were being found almost weekly with their blood drained and various organs cleanly severed and removed. At the time, most people blamed UFOs—their cunning, highly advanced alien crews seeking earthly tissue samples for experimentation. Could aliens have beamed themselves into the vault of the Yannantuono Funeral Home and made off with an 83-year-old head?

For a couple of weeks all was silent as Mount Vernon police conducted a "nationwide investigation." Then, in mid-August, a UPS worker in Louisville noticed a leaking package labeled AEROSOL. Such potentially explosive objects are not accepted for transport by UPS, and so the concerned employee opened the box. Inside he found 12 human heads, presumably not wrapped with the greatest care. The worker and his colleagues, although "upset and discomforted," somehow pulled themselves together and repacked the heads, sending them on to the Colorado Otologic Research Center, in Denver.

The *New York Post* reported hopefully that Mount Vernon cops had jumped on this lead, but their hopes were evidently dashed, for no more mention was made of the late, incomplete Anthony Parisi Sr. Nevertheless, the origin of the package was found. The formaldehyde trail led back to one Dr. Martin Spector, 70, a Philadelphia ear, nose and throat man. Very soon he was discovered to have been running a hot-parts ring in concert with four pathologist's assistants.

For at least a decade Spector had been buying loose organs from his confederates, paying $50 to $100 a head, and selling them to the Colorado facility, where heads went for about $200. The Denver institution acknowledged that it received parts from "private donors." Spector and his cohorts were arraigned October 16 on charges of receiving stolen property and on violations of Pennsylvania's Public Health Act. Spector was released on $20,000 bond.

Does the story end there? One can't help wondering about the numerous other research facilities around the country. So many bodies are buried, so few are willed to science. Researchers must be feeling the pinch. This is, after all, supposed to be a free-market economy. Does burial constitute restraint of trade?

—Luc Sante

10:85 (TBS) MOVIE—Drama; 1 hr., 45 min.

CLOSE UP



Proposed Movie of the Month
9 PM SPY (TV)

FRIENDLY TAKEOVER

The television industry itself becomes the focus for this drama. After a network comes under siege from a flamboyant entrepreneur, a "white knight" corporate suitor enters the scene. But the white knight becomes ruthless, selling off divisions, laying off staff and firing the executive who brought him in in the first place. Laurence Tisch: Jack Warden. Thomas Wyman: Monte Markham. Ted Turner: Jerry Reed. (3 hrs.)

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60 min.
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"The Stra
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professor.
(NSH) YOU
Dottie West
(SC) NEW Y
(SHO) MOVIE
"The Candid
(TMC) MOVIE—
"Thunder Alle
(USA) WANTED

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NAKED CITY

DECEMBER DATEBOOK

Enchanting and Alarming Events Upcoming

1 Rockefeller Center Christmas tree is lit; 5:30 p.m.

5 Red and green lights go on at the Empire State Building. Friends continue to discover this and draw your attention to it for several weeks.

5–7 WBAI Holiday Crafts Fair; Columbia University. Repeated the next two weekends—so you can go back for that handwoven ice bucket holder you coveted the first time.

7 "Christmas in Richmondtown"; crafts demonstrations; Staten Island. "Hon, why don't we go to Staten Island and look at *crafts* today? Maybe pick up a handwoven ice bucket holder or something."



SPY SALUTES OUR MEN IN UNIFORM

Style-conscious transit workers are now sporting new winter ensembles of blue pin-striped denim. A winter cap ($4.75) with earflaps completes the look. On the transit fashion horizon, the MTA says to look for token-booth clerks in maroon blazers and ties with a white shirt and gray trousers or skirts.

8 Crowds gather predictably at the Dakota to sing Beatles songs off-key.

14 Tuba Christmas Concert; Rockefeller Center. Funny once.

16 Opening of *The Knife/Ship from Il Corso del Coltello*. Claes Oldenburg's "monumental sculpture of a ship in the form of a Swiss Army knife" is being re-created at the Guggenheim.

21 Winter Solstice Celebration; Open Center, 83 Spring Street; 7:30 p.m.; $8. Let's all "align ourselves with the rhythms of the earth in its changing seasons," remembering also to "join hands and hearts to weave our light with the re-emergent light of the heavens."

25 Your last chance to take the kids to see Santaland and the Puppet Theater at Macy's was yesterday. The holiday show had been there nearly *four weeks*. Now there is no good excuse to offer the grieving little ones.

27 Chanukah begins. The menorah in Grand Army Plaza began its countdown last night.

28 Christmas Bird Count; Wave Hill, the Bronx. Meet people with telescopes and freeze.

31 Face it: staying in to watch *Top Hat* last year was a bore. Go make a spectacle of yourself. If you must wake up at home tomorrow, take steps to ensure that there are mysterious balloons on your ceiling and a Day-Glo-green silk handkerchief stuffed in your back pocket.

GIDGET FOR DOLLARS

In 1957 Frederick Kohner wrote a novel called *Gidget*, based on his daughter Kathy's Malibu Beach shenanigans, and thus was born a character who rivals Tarzan in multiplicity of incarnations. This fall Columbia Pictures Television launched *The New Gidget* series and sent Kathy Kohner Zuckerman out on the publicity circuit. In an unrelated development, Charles Busch, the drag heroine of *Vampire Lesbians of Sodom*, previewed his *Gidget Goes Psychotic* at the Limbo Theatre. We were fortunate to be able to speak with both Busch and Zuckerman on the import of Gidgitude.

SPY: *Why does Gidget endure?*

Busch: I grew up in New York, and California always had this magic allure. And here's this young girl embraced by these wild surf bums. It's like *The Wizard of Oz*.

Is it a presexual thing?

The movie *Gidget*, with Sandra Dee, is all about sex. She's this really nubile thing, and she thinks she's a freak because she doesn't want to go on dates. But she falls in love with Moondoggie, and then it's all "How far am I going to let him go?" That really struck a chord in the fifties.

Do you identify with Gidget?

Well, in the movie she was so flat-chested—I mean, Sandra Dee was *so* boyish, I thought, *Well, this is something I can really do*. I find it very easy to slip into her shoes.... I *am* Gidget.

Zuckerman: Are you going to write wonderful things about me?





"Gidget" then... and now.

SPY: *Are you wonderful?*

Yes. I *am*.

Are you glad to be Gidget?

I love it. I think it's a real wonderful thing that has endured. It's cute. And the fact that they're doing a new TV series really says a lot about the character.

Why does Gidget endure?

I haven't been able to understand the whole phenomenon until right now with *The New Gidget* show. I think that there's a real romance about Malibu, about going to the beach, having no troubles. It's a *nice* scene. It's sweet. I understand now that it really is a national symbol. And it was created by my father and me. It *was* me. And I should be proud of it and enjoy it, and reap the benefits thereof.

What are the benefits of being Gidget?

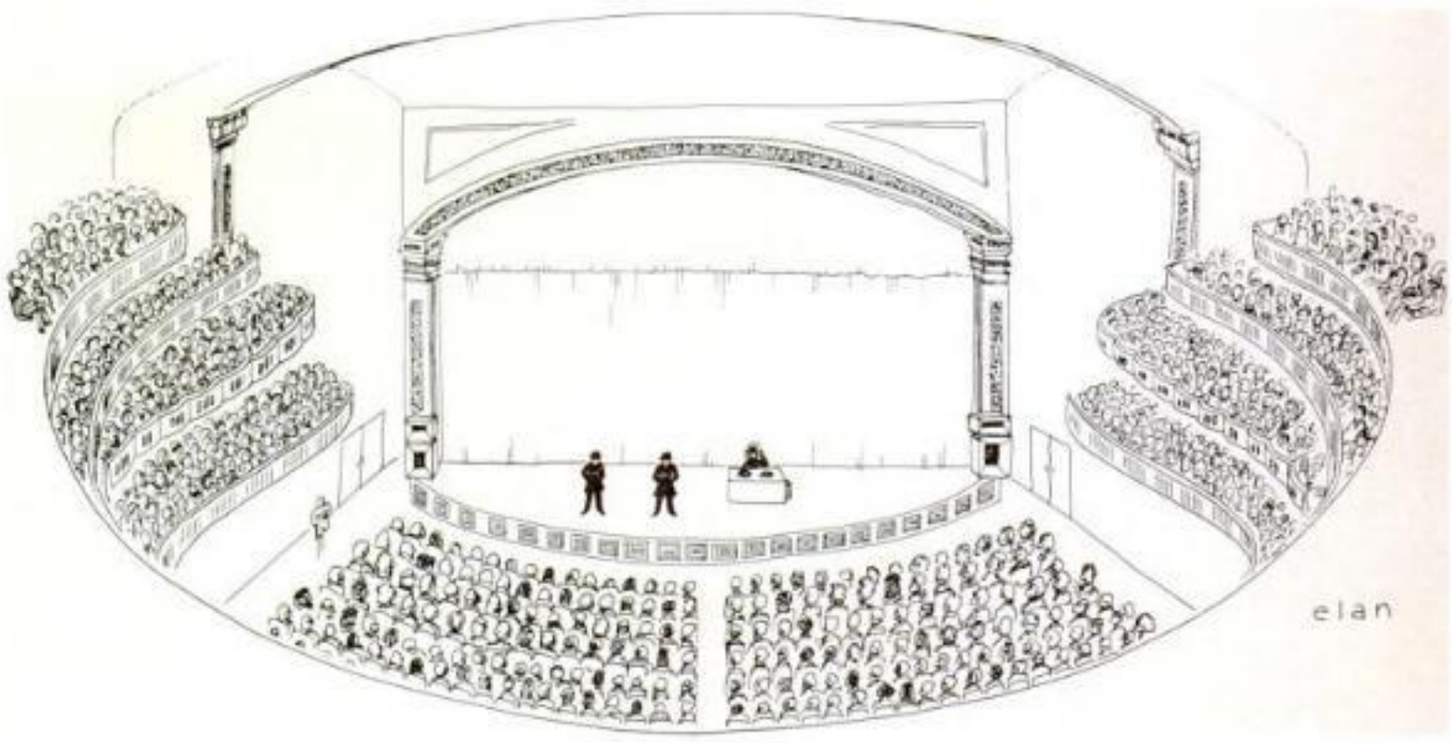
Well, there's always a little bit of take in the action.

You consult for the new show?

No, no, no. But I am part of it. None of these people would be working if it wasn't for me—I mean, they're all happy and that's nice.

You get a royalty?

Well, I don't, yeah... uh... well, that's one way of—that's a personal question. Have you seen the new show? It was real cute last night. I love it.—*Bruce Handy*



RUN-DMC at CARNEGIE HALL

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TRADE MAGAZINE ROUNDUP

Laxatives are "drugstore-friendly," according to an article in a recent issue of *Drug Topics*, a magazine for pharmacists. Americans bought $492 million worth of laxatives last year, most of which (63.4 percent) were bought in drugstores. That's up a bit from 1984. Why the increase? One reason, says Oleh Denysyk of Charles H. Kline & Company, is that "people don't go to the doctor anymore because they're constipated." Bad news for doctors, but good news for pharmacists. Or maybe it's good news for all.

Well, the results of the National Study of Cremation (aka Project Understanding) are finally in. People who want to be cremated tend to be more educated and have better jobs than people who want to be buried whole, according to a report in *American Funeral Director*. Morticians hate cremation for the same reason car dealers hate compacts: there's less opportunity to tack on expensive frills. To a large extent they have made up for this by tacking on the frills anyway. It turns out there was little reason to worry. "Neither the cremation nor the burial samples are terribly concerned about 'keeping expenses low,'" notes the magazine, concluding that "cremation does not necessarily mean an inexpensive funeral."

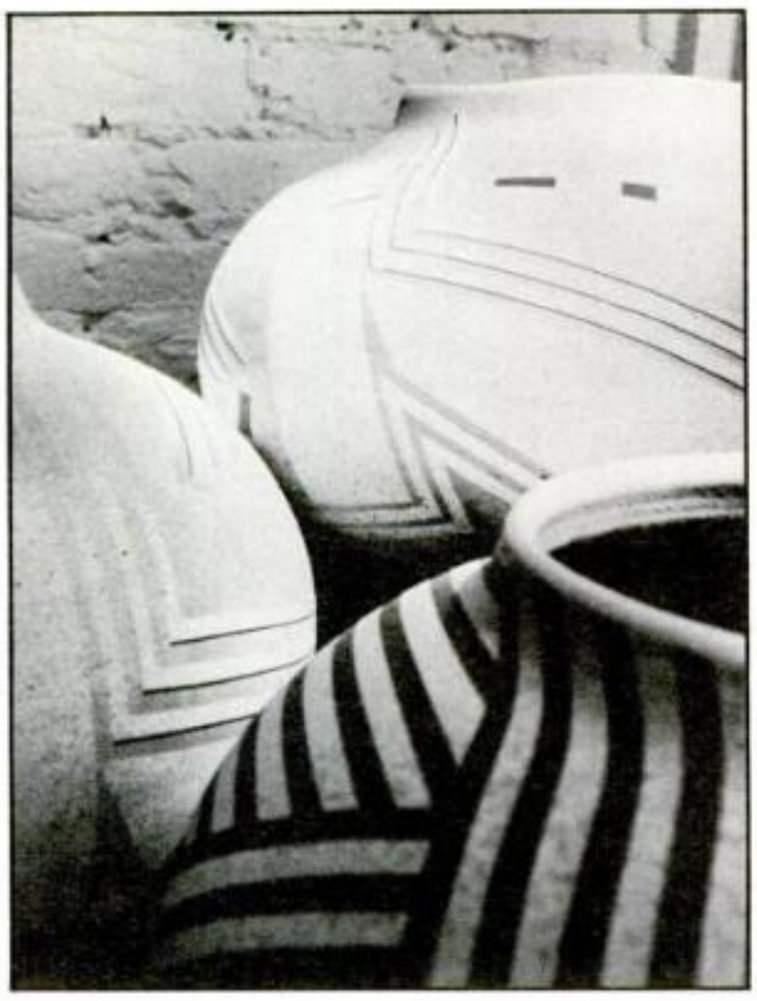
Newton Noell, who's been writing At the Bench in *Watch & Clock Review* (and its predecessor, *American Horologist and Jeweler*) for the last 20 years, devoted a recent column to listing the titles of all his previous columns. A selection: "Isochronism"; "Regulator pin and escapement errors"; "More on escapement errors and isochronism"; "More on isochronism"; "Truing split rim balances"; "An unusual repivoting job (my cylinder repeater)"; "Lantern pinions"; "Dial trains and cannon pinions (Part 1)"; "The strip pallet recoil verge"; "That's not the way I would do it!"

"Jingle" Joe Crooks, who writes Bench Tips in *Horological Times*, a watch and clock magazine with cheaper paper but a cleverer name than *Watch & Clock Review*, passes along a tip for cleaning the L&R Verimatic outer casing of a Seiko quartz analog chronograph: put it in the dishwasher. However, warns Joe, "DO NOT RUN ANY PARTS OTHER THAN CASING PARTS THROUGH THE DISHWASHER!"

Worried about mail room bombs? I'm not. One way to tell whether a package contains a bomb, though, according to *Target Marketing*, is to check for a "buzzing or ticking sound."

—David Owen

WALLENGREN / USA



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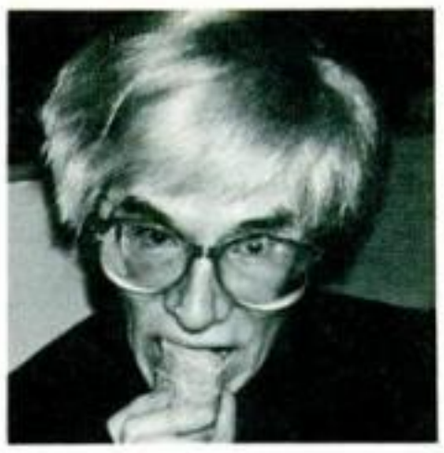


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photo George Hirose

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ANDY'S HEALTH TIPS

As told to Maura Moynihan



Secret eating is the best diet strategy. Some people think that if nobody sees them eating an ice cream cone or something, they won't gain weight: it's only the food you eat in public that counts calorie-wise.

Food allergies aren't the really trendy eating disorder anymore. Now it's improper digestion. Go to a nutritionist and figure out what you're eating that isn't working. (Someone gave me all these nuts at a reception and I got lots of pimples, so now I know that nuts give me pimples.)

Don't eat meat.

Don't drink any coffee.

Take vitamin C all the time.

Wear a crystal. Have a crystal doctor. Clean your crystal out every night. (I have all kinds of crystals, but some of them are so strong they burn holes in my pockets. I started using crystals about three years ago because I got jealous of girls. Girls live longer because they wear diamonds and stuff like that.)

Meditate by thinking about paying bills.

Don't stay up late. When you go to a club, go in the front door and out the back door. Watch a recording of the news before going to bed.

FOUR ON THE FLOOR, COWERING

A certain kind of country has traditionally sold the U.S. after-dinner ingredients—bananas, sugar, cocoa, coffee. A different kind of country has sold us stylish things—supple shoes, white coffee grinders, uncomfortable chairs. And now another kind of country is specializing in a new import. First the Yugoslavians' Yugo, then the South Koreans' Hyundai—all at once, it seems, the world's police states have begun exporting extremely cheap subcompact cars to the U.S.

We wondered: are the world's dictatorial regimes forming a car cartel? Is there some natural fit between quashed civil liberties and good mileage?

At the Chilean consulate we asked Mr. Mora, assistant to the director of ProChile, the government trade promotion bureau, whether Chile is manufacturing a subcompact for sale in the U.S.

"Not true, not true," he insisted. "We are too small."

At the Chinese consulate we spoke to Mr. Fanteng Bu, in the commercial division. "Subcompact cars?" he asked. "I just came here. I am not familiar with all things. Let me give you a number." The phone number was that of an official in charge of woolen garments.

At the Hungarian trade office we talked to Mr. Gonda, the commercial secretary. Mr. Gonda was taken aback—in fact, he said, Hungary *is* considering an auto-manufacturing venture. To make cars for sale in America? "Out of the question," he said. "Why to speak of exports? It is crazy when we have not got cars yet." *Yet.*

The investigation continues.

JUNIOR ACHIEVERS ON 14TH STREET

"This is better than selling drugs," says Eric, a cheerful former NBC security guard. Eric now works nights loitering on East 14th Street, drinking beer, teasing women, hustling cabs—and selling Palladium's complimentary invitations. He and a half dozen other thuggy capitalists exploit the small, lucrative service industry that has been thriving since the long-ago days of Studio 54. Unlike scalping sport or concert tickets, scalping club comps involves no initial investment. It's pure profit.

"On a great night, you can make $300," says Eric, who usually sells the comps for $10 to $15 per person, a substantial savings over the club's regular $20-a-head price. "If *I* owned the club," Eric says, "I wouldn't *have* a comp night. All it does is dilute your business."

He sells mostly to a walk-up clientele of burrowers out for a big night on the town. There are about 20 regulars each week, but other sales require aggressive marketing. Negotiations must take place well away from the ropes, because watchful doormen refuse the generally square-looking scalped.

The police don't bother sellers unless a doorman points them out. "The cops are looking for trouble," explains Ino, a vendor who has set up shop in a parking lot nearby. "We ain't no real trouble."

Supreme is 27 and has a degree in political science from Wagner College. He once worked for the city but "did drugs for a while" and "got fired for absenteeism." Supreme views his current line of work as "therapeutic." He obtains his passes from departing customers, downtown record stores and trash bins outside the club. "It's not like I steal 'em or anything," he says.

Each seller claims that other sellers get their invitations from club employees, and they all prefer to see themselves as mere entry-level workers in a more widespread, organized thievery. "Everybody's stealing, top to bottom," says Eric. "Every club owner steals, the door people are stealing, the bartenders are stealing."

"I'm not a cold-blooded hustler," says Supreme. "It's for me to eat, to survive. If I was a real criminal, I'd go out and rob a 'vic' [victim]."

Competition ("cutting throat") among sellers is rare. "There's enough for everybody," Supreme says. "On a Saturday night, you got enough money going in there for one of them relief-for-Africa type things."

Palladium's official line is that the tickets are marked NONTRANSFERABLE and are not for sale. But as one doorman put it, "We're not losing any money on this." No matter how you get in, drinks still cost $5.

Ino says, "Those motherfuckers spend *stupid* money in there. They pull out *hundreds* to pay me—they're gonna spend a lot inside. The Palladium should let us little guys make something." Supreme adds, "They charge $20 at the door—*that's* the robbery." —*David Handelman*

THE ILLUSTRATED HISTORY OF NEW YORK, PART III



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MEET THE PRESS

Will Dana: *Is there a sense that you have to, like, separate yourself from [stories you're covering], or do you really get wrapped up?*
Sara Lee Kessler: You know, our goal as reporters—and you know this because you're a reporter—our goal as reporters is to be objective, but being objective does not mean being devoid of emotion. We cannot *be* devoid of emotion because we're not cardboard cutouts, we're human beings.
Do you see Walter Cronkite and say, "What can I do to be more like, you know...?"
I can't emulate Walter Cronkite because I'll never develop the pipes that he has.... I try to be the way I really am in person. I don't play "Sara Lee Kessler, anchorwoman." I'm Sara Lee Kessler and I happen to be on the air and this is what's happening, let me share it with you, let me tell you what I know about it, let me try to, uh, let me try to explain it to you so we'll both understand it a little better.... One thing, um, I'd really like you to do because, um, this is something I'm very happy about and very proud about is my relationship with Tom Dunn [her co-anchor]. It's a very special relationship. He is one of my dearest friends and has been involved in, in nearly every aspect of, of the important things in my life that have happened to me, as a human being, you know.



SARA LEE KESSLER, WOR-TV anchorwoman

WILL DANA, *SPY* reporter

[Tom Dunn steps into the room.]

SLK: I was telling Will that we are the longest-running anchor team in the New York market. Come sit over here for, like, two seconds. I was trying to tell him that we have a very unusual relationship. I told Will that you've been involved in, in just about every aspect of my personal life for the past couple of years.
Tom Dunn: Kind of unusual in this business.
SLK: I mean, we didn't become instant friends, you know, a relationship takes a, a while to develop. And you know, it's become a very, a very deep friendship over the years. And, and, really, I ask Tom's opinion about virtually everything.
TD: My mother's a very perceptive televiewer, and she says it comes across.
SLK: I'll tell you what he did for me one time. I had a coughing attack one time on the air. It was really severe. And I could, I really couldn't talk, and he just, he just came over and just took over for me.

24
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SANTALAND × 3 = FUN

Good news for New Yorkers wishing to rediscover the true meaning of Christmas: New England is the country's principal Santaland zone. Three Santalands are within a day's drive of the city, and all three deliver the rock-bottom basic Yuletide attractions: canned Christmas songs, uncomfortably tiny sight-seeing trains, reindeer blacksmiths, quaint shoppes to pacify those at the bottom of your gift list, and a Currier & Ives ambience all year long. (If you don't own a car, though, watch out for Manhattan's rent-a-car workers, like the ones who mistook my camera for their Christmas bonus.)



The oldest Santaland, **Santa's Workshop**, opened in 1949 in North Pole, New York, as the result of a spoiled little girl's dream. Her indulgent father, Julian Reiss, had her Arctic fantasy translated into concrete. High-tech **Santa's Village**, in Jefferson, New Hampshire, was founded in 1952, and bucolic **Santa's Land**, in Putney, Vermont, opened in 1956. Herewith, SPY's ratings of the three Santalands:

SANTA CLAUS

Sure, you can visit him at Macy's or the mall—if you want to see some guy in his twenties with a cheap beard and a strange way of bouncing little girls on his lap. At the Santalands, kind old men with years of experience deflect point-blank demands for specific gifts and teach terrified kids not to fear old men. (What do *I* want for Christmas? How 'bout a camera, Santa?)

Santa at **Santa's Village** often ends the day a bit wet from the accidents of frightened tots, though he thinks kids are less timid than they used to be. He's 81 and speaks French. SCORE: **17** out of a possible 20.



The seniority award goes to Santa at **Santa's Land**: he's been at it 23 years. His mission is getting kids to clean their rooms and eat their vegetables. SCORE: **18**.

The four fine Santas at **Santa's Workshop** rotate duties, taking turns as the Village Blacksmith or whatever. All Santas have real beards, but children get confused when they see Santa scrubbing down the Pole, greasing bumper cars or shoveling reindeer sludge. SCORE: **17**.

NORTH POLE

All three have white poles, but only **Santa's Workshop**'s magnetic milepost is frozen. It is not candy-striped, however, and thus is not an icy trap to tempt the tongues of sweet-toothed kids. SCORE: **Santa's Village**, 2; **Santa's Land**, 2; **Santa's Workshop**, **7**, out of a possible 8.

PHOTO OPPORTUNITIES

Half the appeal of a Santaland is the chance to snap cute photos of the kids. Popular motifs include Santa's lap; petting reindeer; Dad chatting up gift shop cashier.

Santa's Village has a strange arrangement: you are supposed to stick your head out of the top of a plaster cake. SCORE: **9** out of a possible 10.

Santa's Land is missing a crucial photo opportunity: sitting on hand of large, goofy statue. SCORE: **5**.

Santa's Workshop is undistinguished in this category. SCORE: **4**. (Of course, photo opportunities require a camera, not a pack of lies from thieving parking attendants.)

RIDES

Santa's Village is the most like a modern amusement park, with its Yule-log flume ride, bumper cars and the upcoming "cupcake ride," which will feature a giant glass of milk at its center. SCORE: **8** out of a possible 10.

Unmechanized **Santa's Land** offers only the obligatory train ride around the park and a carousel. SCORE: **2**.

Santa's Workshop has a few rides out of the 1950s that might seem tame to kids who live in a world where cameras are stolen without remorse. SCORE: **4**.

TECHNOLOGY

It's a modern Xmas in **Santa's Village**, with the computerized Jingle Jamboree animated theater. Friendly animatronic Santa begs kids to be good, a beatnik elf bassist plucks an upright, "Elfin John" plinks piano, a Satchmo elf blows horn and "Elfis" belts out rockin' Christmas tunes. Out front, a huge Rudolph head dispenses information. SCORE: **8** out of a possible 10.

At **Santa's Workshop** employees hide behind the scenes with walkie-talkies and bestow disembodied voices on fiberglass figures of Elmer the Elf and Tannenbaum the Talking Tree, who terrify kids. SCORE: **3**.

Santa's Land, hampered by strict Vermont laws mandating landscape monotony, recedes obediently into its tranquil setting. No technology. SCORE: **1**.

LIVE/PERFORMING ANIMALS

Santa's Village has the snappy "Santa's Live Tropical Bird Show," in which macaws pull a sleigh, place gifts under a tree and flee a disastrous space shuttle. SCORE: **7** out of a possible 10.

Santa's Land's "Enchanted Animal Forest" may be New England's best zoo. SCORE: **7**.

Santa's Workshop intermittently offers a petting zoo, which features "Jesus's burro." SCORE: **2**.

CONVENIENCE TO NYC

Santa's Land (250 miles, open 5/1–6/15 weekends, 6/15–12/24 daily). SCORE: **3** out of a possible 5.

Santa's Workshop (300 miles, open 5/23–10/12 daily, and four weekends prior to Christmas): **2**.

Santa's Village (420 miles, open 6/15–10/13 daily): **1**.

GRAND TOTAL:

Santa's Village, Jefferson, New Hampshire: **52**.
Santa's Workshop, North Pole, New York: **39**.
Santa's Land, Putney, Vermont: **38**. —*Jack Barth*

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HOLIDAY SUPER BOWL: CHRISTMAS VS. CHANUKAH *By Jonathan Dellheim*

	Christmas	Chanukah
Celebrants	Christians	Jews
Date	December 25	No set date
Time Span	One eve and one day, preceded by a two-month warning period	Eight days no one remembers until stores are closed and it's too late to buy candles
Greeting	"Merry Christmas"	"You look thin—have you lost weight?"
Star of . . .	Bethlehem	David
Miracle	Virgin conceived	One day's oil burned for eight days
Possible Explanation	Low morals	High octane
Main Character (Real)	Jesus Christ—the Lew Lehrman of the first century. (Both switched careers in midlife, both had a message people ignored and both converted from Judaism to Christianity. Unlike Lehrman, however, Jesus rose from the dead)	Judah Maccabee, the only Jew since David to win a fight
Main Character (Fictional)	Santa Claus	God
Symbols	Christmas tree, wreaths, mistletoe and cheap-looking plastic Nativity scenes	Menorah, Chanukah bush and cheap-looking plastic dreidels
Official Drink	Eggnog (335 calories per cup)	Dr. Brown's diet cream soda (under 20 calories per cup)
Backup Singers	Bing Crosby, Perry Como, Andy Williams, Mel Torme, Jose Feliciano, Alvin and the Chipmunks and newcomer Bruce Springsteen	The cantor
Best Ritual	Fighting about what kind of Christmas tree to get	Fighting about what color candles to use
Official Gift (Good Parents)	Puppy or a ten-speed bicycle	Puppy and a twelve-speed bicycle
Official Gift (Bad Parents)	Bible	Bible, key ring, shoelaces, soap, socks, box of tissues, underwear, subscription to *Scientific American*
Commercial Backer	Macy's	Zabar's deli counter
Advantages	Quick religious service, great food, great music, lots of presents and the opportunity to wear red and green	Two Florida vacations in December
Disadvantages	Expensive to get gifts for everyone—perhaps the reason many Jews have amassed large fortunes, while Christians lag behind	Difficult to spell, hard to pronounce. Can only be considered a good holiday when compared with Yom Kippur. Will never give Christmas a run without some hit tunes, several cute reindeerlike animals and a color scheme
Overall	A biggie, though in strict theological terms it does not hold a candle to the day that Christ rose from the dead	Chanukah is the time Jews ask themselves whether they have exhibited the valor of the Maccabees. It is the time Jews recommit themselves to the defense of their faith. It is the time Jews intensify their religious observance. It is the time Jews secretly wish they could celebrate Christmas.

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DO BRATS HAVE MORE FUN?

New York in the Age of the Spoiled Young Thing

BY PAUL RUDNICK

THE BRATS—YOU KNOW WHO THEY ARE. They can be any age, sex, race, color but only one creed: "*I want it NOW.*" Brats are not yuppies; yuppies work hard, at corporate law and dermatology and arbitrage and other yuck requiring advanced degrees. Brats do not believe in toil, or goals, or even thought—Brats see something, they want it, and somebody buys it for them. Brats are like children, only without the dignity. Brats want everything—fame without achievement, money without employment, fun without effort. And Brats get what they want.

Brats are invulnerable. Awesomely self-absorbed, they assume everybody loves them. They are without neurosis; they *are* Nirvana. They simply do not see misfortune; it does not compute. They are protected, insulated, coddled. Many Brats swaddle themselves in inherited wealth, but the true Brat, the Mega-Brat, the Ur-Brat requires only a warped psyche, a soothing, omnipresent inner voice cooing, "Baby, you're the best." The Brat is innocent of fear, envy, terror; the Brat is innocent of everything. Brats cannot understand why everyone isn't as dreamy as they are: can't people see, can't they cope, can't they try?

Brats are a grand spectacle; they say and do the darnedest things, unfettered by decency, intelligence, consequences. Imelda may have fled the Philippines in disgrace, with only 48 pieces of carry-on; she may cry poor and abused; but come on: she wasn't beheaded, she wasn't tried at Nuremberg, she isn't reduced to bagging canned goods at Safeway. For a woman of considerable evil and platinum indulgence, she's doing swell: hammocking in Hawaii, running up a tab at the Oahu PX, taking long-distance strokes from the White House. She's a Brat. A Brat needs all those shoes; I mean, things have to match. I mean, it's *basic*.

But Imelda is easy, lullabied in the global nursery of the Duvaliers, the exiled Bonaparte, Nixon, Mengele and Madam Mao. For those Brats, crime pays, tyranny pays, murder pays—Bratdom pays. What is a dictator but a Brat with a private army?



BRATS WITH LEGS. *(Clockwise from left): the Hall sisters: Cyndy, Jerry and Rosy; New Orleans moneybags and restaurateuse Hayne Suthon; Kimberly DuRoss, stepdaughter of Henry Ford; famous ex-groupie Bianca Jagger and pouty actor Rupert Everett*





BRATS WITH FIEFDOMS. *Publicity-shy Donald Trump (above); Princess Gloria Von Thurn und Taxis (right) once asked a P.A. where the bathroom was before a TV appearance and said, "Now you can hear a princess pee."*



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CREATIVE BRATS. *(Left to right): architect Philip Johnson; paparazzo Ron Galella; impolite artist Jean-Michel Basquiat*





BRATS WITH BUILDINGS
Peter Kalikow
Francine LeFrak
Gloria Von Thurn und Taxis
Donald Trump

BALD BRATS
Ed Koch
Philip Johnson
Andrew Stein
Jerry Zipkin

BALDING BRATS
Tony Schwartz—former journalist
Paul Simon—little celebrity

ART BRATS
Jean-Michel Basquiat
Mary Boone
Kenny Scharf
Julian Schnabel



DINNER PARTY BRATS. *Hostess twinkie Amy Lumet (daughter of Sidney) sprawls across extremely self-satisfied guests: (left to right) Vince Leone, Emily Altschul, Katie McCrum, Elizabeth Reiger, Arthur Altschul Jr., George Whipple III, Marc de Gontaut Biron, Nick Beavers and Laurie Ogle. (Right), demonstrating chic new method of picking teeth with corkscrew; the hostess sits on Nick Beavers.*



Photographs: Robert Mapplethorpe (Johnson); Fred W. McDarrah (Trump); Marina Garnier (Hall sisters, Princess Gloria, Galella); others, Patrick McMullan

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SHOW BUSINESS BRATS
"I thought of changing my name, but that would just be running away"
Blanche Baker
Phoebe Cates
Jennifer Edwards
Jason Gould
Chris Lemmon
Richard E. Levine
Amy Lumet
Charles Matthau
Frank Sinatra Jr.
Ben Vereen Jr.
Tahnee Welch

BRAT RESTAURANTS
First question to waiter: "Who else is here?"
BAR LUI
Brasserie
Dorrian's Red Hand
Elaine's
Elio's
Jim McMullen
Indochine
Le Relais
Prima Donna
Restaurant
Serendipity
Sam's Cafe

BRAT CLUBS
"I live there!"
Beulah Land
Club A
Doubles
King Tut's Wah Wah Hut
Milkbar
Nell's
Pyramid Club
Ralph Lauren store
Surf Club
Zulu Lounge

BRAT SOFT DRINK
Diet Cherry Coke

BRAT FOOD
Bufala mozzarella
Caesar salad
Caviar
Mort's chicken paillard

BRAT JUNK FOOD
Burger King bacon double cheeseburger
Fingernails
McD.L.T.

BRAT SLUMMING
Apollo Theatre
Brighton Beach
East Village
Drinking Rolling Rock
Sylvia's
Bowlmor Lanes

BRAT OCCULTIST
"How many times will I be married? Just round it off."
Yolana





(Clockwise from top): SHOW-BIZ BRATS. *Ben Vereen Jr. with two pals; Liza Minnelli, looking drug-free; Tatum O'Neal.* BRATS BELOW 14TH STREET. *Trust fund kid James St. James with his Cracker Jack lunch pail; soon-to-be-a-really-big-celebrity Sally Randall; partyboy Alan Rish greeting a guest*









BETTY FORD BRATS
Chevy Chase
Liza Minnelli
Jack Ford

GENERIC BRATS
All rock stars
All tennis stars
Most Kennedys
All former male cast members of Saturday Night Live

Such Neutron Brats are too depressing to contemplate; we prefer the locals, the Big Babies, the Brats of Manhattan and other overflowing domestic playpens. Kids like Diana Ross's *bambini*, Chudney and Tracee, who have just enrolled at Le Roset, the boarding school of princelings in Switzerland. The girls have snatched this moment to change their last name from Silberstein to Ross. The switch became necessary, the press was told, "to avoid the confusion." This is known as Brat Logic.

Brats do encounter stress, and it can be irksome, like a zit or a chauffeur who needs the afternoon off just because his kid has a tumor or something. An heiress had her 14-room Park Avenue duplex assaulted; the burglars overturned some French furniture and made off with a minor Utrillo. "It was just like Dresden," the heiress wailed, barely able to watch as the staff restored order. Brats are superb at inappropriate metaphors; a bad haircut is a "holocaust," the traffic to Southampton on Friday recalls "getting out of Saigon." To Brats, tragedy is what happens to them, like a broken nail; world disaster, terrorism of any sort, is a threat only to Brat travel.

Brats are irresistible, for they are without shame, they are premoral, they waft. It isn't that they won't take mass transit, they just don't know where to find it. They would dial the phone themselves, but Mummy's *so* good at it. Gloria Vanderbilt's memoir, *Once Upon a Time*, is a Brat classic—only a die-hard Brat would transcribe her life as a fairy tale. Little Gloria's favorite person is her governess, whom she adoringly calls Big Elephant; whether the hefty domestic enjoyed this reference is never considered. We are asked to weep for L'il Glo, pawn of the pampered, forced to seek the affection of the help, grinning through tears from the pages of *Harper's Bazaar*—Brat Pathos. Gloria Vanderbilt is a Hall of Fame Brat; all she has is a pedigree, but it's enough. She's made trillions through poly-blend jeans and dime store cologne. All name, no work—Brat Industry.

Brats are helpless; they really don't know they're different. They always want a job, pleading poverty (translation: the maintenance went up) or a yearning for selfhood, independence, the common touch. But Brats never discover self-esteem at the griddle of a White Castle. No, they yearn for something—DON'T SAY IT—"something creative." One Brat decided to write—short stories at first, and then a blockbuster. Did she set to work, maybe take a course, put pen to paper? Not exactly. First she had her husband purchase a maid's room a few floors below their penthouse; this was to be "my writing room," she declared. Then she ordered up a decorator, a secretary and a Winnebago-size IBM Selectric, "the tools of a writer." Finally she tossed a cocktail party to announce her new Bohemian status to the world. At the party she wore a baseball cap with antlers attached—"my writing hat," of course. Two years later, the IBM slumbers, but a dust jacket has been commissioned.

Brats dabble, they intern, they come in half days, they invest. Brats tire easily. A Brat never really wants

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PHOTO: DAH-LEN



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(Clockwise from left): LOADED BRATS. *Cosima von Bulow and Nick Mortimer; Jerry Zipkin—the first lady's first fop—with fashion mavens Carolina and Reinaldo Herrera; dime store heiress Priscilla Woolworth; Mortimer's studlet Peter Allan; publicity-mad publicist Whitney Tower Jr.*
PERFORMING BRATS. *Simon and Schuster heiress Carly Simon; Marisa Berenson; Phoebe Cates; tennis brat Carling Bassett*











to write, paint or dance; the Brat just wants the perks, the attention, the ambience. The stance of an artist is all a Brat really pines for—the smock, the velvet beret, the opening-night party, the fan mail, the raves. An Academy Award acceptance speech—Brat Art.

Brats are happy people, as only the lyrically selfish can be. Ruthless with subordinates, they consider themselves sensitive creatures, attuned, perhaps genetically, to more profound truths—they know the *best* psychic, the *best* Shiatsu person, the *best* nail lady. Brats seek "a simple life, good friends and a garden," as unveiled in *Architectural Digest* on 40 acres in Beverly Hills. Brats devote eternities to good works, supervising AIDS benefits and endive, but they tip like corpses. Brats don't get it; they never see the contradictions in their lives. They move on, leaving the mess behind, knowing someone will tidy up; someone always has. Don't look back, don't pay attention, don't think twice—Brat Philosophy.

Brats are what everyone else wants to be: blissfully spoiled, unaware to the point of dementia, able to leap sidewalk beggars in a single bound. Brats do not have doctors, they have the Betty Ford Clinic. If a Brat runs for city dogcatcher, he drops $4.5 million—on liquor and logos alone. When a Brat marries, it's usually to a moneybags, a keeper—a Riklis, a Whitney, a Helmsley. Occasionally brats marry each other, and then watch out. Brats are not good at sharing. Remember Egon and Diane Von Furstenberg? Carter and Amanda Burden? And the Brat Marriage of the Century—Nora Ephron and Carl Bernstein? The wedding was Brat Heaven—two stars merging for increased wattage. The divorce was a school-yard tussle with hair-pulling, a book and a movie—divorce as tantrum. A Brat marries to get attention and divorces for more—Brat Love.

Nancy and Ron are the worst Brats of all, the behemoths. They held their breath and stamped their feet and everyone finally said, *"Oh, all right, if it'll make them happy, if it'll shut them up, just give it to them."*

SELF-MADE BRATS
Toby and Angus Beavers—Surf Club owners
S. Christopher Meigher III—publisher of People
Phillip Moffitt—famous Esquire essayist
Judy Price—Avenue owner
Steve Rubell

ONE VERY SPECIAL FAMILY
Ryan O'Neal
Farrah Fawcett
Tatum O'Neal
John McEnroe
Griffin O'Neal

BRATS WHO PUBLICIZE OTHER BRATS
Ludovic Autet
Whitney Tower Jr.
R. Couri Hay
Terry Shields



BRATS WITHOUT PORTFOLIO
Peter Allan
Arthur Altschul Jr.
Marisa Berenson
Francesca Braschi—fashion designer
Morgan Entrekin
Mark Harrington
Bianca Jagger
Christina Oxenberg—"writer"
Jean Pigozzi—paparazzo
James St. James
Egon Von Furstenberg—Euro
George Whipple III—Cravath, Swaine lawyer
Priscilla Woolworth

BRAT HEALTH CLUBS
Radu
Sports Training Institute

BRAT JOBS
"Is there a WATS line?"
Art gallery assistant
Artist's assistant
Bartender at the Surf Club
Fashion designer's assistant
Museum staff assistant
also:
Modeling
Reading to Ved Mehta
Selling advertising space for upscale magazines
Taking acting classes
Teaching at the Lycée Français

BRAT PHILANTHROPIES
"Where am I sitting?"
Big Apple Circus
Citymeals-on-Wheels
The Metropolitan Society for the Arts

MUSEUMS THAT BRATS LIKE (TO PARTY AT)
"This is a great place; who lives here?"
Guggenheim
ICP
Whitney

BRAT MAGAZINES
"Am I in this issue?"
Architectural Digest
Vanity Fair
W

LAST BOOKS READ BY BRATS
Eloise
Harriet the Spy
Babar

BRAT CAR
The Hampton Jitney

BRAT SEASON
Fall

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You don't need a label to tell you what a FROZFRUIT® frozen fruit bar is made of.

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Just chunks, no junk. Nothing artificial. And just 68 calories a bar (120 for the coconut and the banana.)

FROZFRUIT frozen fruit bars are available in 13 mouth-watering flavors. In supermarkets, delis, groceries, or just about anywhere there's a freezer. It's the perfect snack for people who watch what they eat. Or just for people who like to see what they eat.



The only thing unreal is the taste.

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NEOCON MOONIE BRAT
John Podhoretz

LEFT-WING BRATS
Alexander Cockburn
Hamilton Fish III

BRAT SEX EUPHEMISMS
Flogging
Foofing
Hot beef injections
Trouser trout

CRIMES MOST LIKELY TO BE COMMITTED BY A BRAT
Doing away with a member of immediate family
Participating in own kidnapping

R.I.P. BRATS
John Belushi
Truman Capote
Roy Cohn
Edie Sedgwick

BRAT GODFATHERS
James Brady
Anthony Haden-Guest
George Plimpton
Lem Billings (R.I.P.)

BRAT NEWS MEDIA
Live at Five
Page Six

BRATS WITH LITERARY AGENTS
Renata Adler
Marie Brenner
Susan Cheever
Harry Hurt III—friend of Morgan Entrekin
Aram Saroyan

BRATS WITH LITERARY AGENTS AS PARENTS
Peter Cohn—son of agent Sam Cohn
Angela Janklow—daughter of Morton Janklow

BRATS WHO WRITE ABOUT THEMSELVES
Nora Ephron
Brooke Hayward
Taki

BRATS WHOSE CHILDREN WILL MOST LIKELY WRITE TELL-ALL BOOKS
Ryan O'Neal
Nora Ephron
Bill Cosby

BRATS WHOSE CHILDREN MOST LIKELY WON'T WRITE TELL-ALL BOOKS
Philip Johnson
Rex Reed
Steve Rubell
Bobby Short
Jerry Zipkin



Photograph courtesy of Fred W. McDarrah (Cuomo)

POLITICAL BRATS
John Buckley Jr.
Andrew "Ratface Andy" Cuomo (above)
Patti Davis
Morgan Mason
Doug Wick
John Zaccaro Jr.

THE ORIGINAL BRAT
Nancy Reagan

The White House is an invites-only sandbox, a birthday party every day of the year. And who is Nancy but Darla, the deb of the Little Rascals, flouncing in her Bill Blass crinolines and her Charles Jourdan Mary Janes? Nancy is a Z starlet who went for it all. Nancy is beautiful, Nancy is beloved by the nation, Nancy is our queen—or so Nancy believes. Nancy is the most deluded human on earth—Saint Brat.

Can anyone become a Brat, you ask? Of course—all it takes is endless gall, lung power and an utter disregard for reality. Starting now, wake up every morning with a militant credo: *I am fun. I am gorgeous. I'm the baby.* Scrawl the following phrases on your wrist with a Mark Cross pen-and-pencil set (which you'll then return for credit): "Gimme." "That's mine." "I should have it because I'm the nicest." "Both." "Daddy!" "Mommy!" "Taxi!" "Because I'm bored." Erase these obsolete tatters: "Please." "Thank you." "My fault." "Excuse me." "Your turn." "I love you" (except in the presence of mirrors and hairdressers). Begin slow—hang up on your mother. Keep going—steal from a blind person and spend it on ice cream. Get bold—make a pregnant woman give you her seat. Soon you'll be rolling. Why, you won't even see that kid on the tricycle, much less stop the car. You'll blame your split ends on Chernobyl. Now you are ready. Clamp on that bonnet, bong someone with that Cartier rattle, soil those diapers, yank wide your toothless maw and bawl, "I'm a Brat and I want it NOW!"

Alizé. The beautiful blend of natural passion fruit juices and fine cognac. Imported from France. So good on the rocks. Very smooth. Very mixable. And very, very delicious.











PUBLISHED BRATS.
(Clockwise from top left): litigious writer Renata Adler; Morgan Entrekin and Bob Colacello; Nora Ephron; Taki; Angela Janklow with her perfectly pleasant little brother, Lucas; the unpleasant Michael Coady of Fairchild Publications; Taxi author Christina Oxenberg with "painter" husband Damian Elwes





BRAT EXCUSES
"I didn't register in time."
"This is the smallest bill I have."
"She was hurting me."
PMS
"I meant to kill myself."

MOST COMMON BRAT EXCUSE
"The name gets you in the door, but then you have to prove yourself."

BRAT MEDICAL TREATMENTS
Electrolysis
Vitamin B_{12} injections

BRAT DRUGS
Cocaine
Ecstasy
Eve

BRAT DISEASES
Hypoglycemia
Bulimia
PMS
Epstein-Barr virus
Vitamin deficiency
B_{12} shot fixation

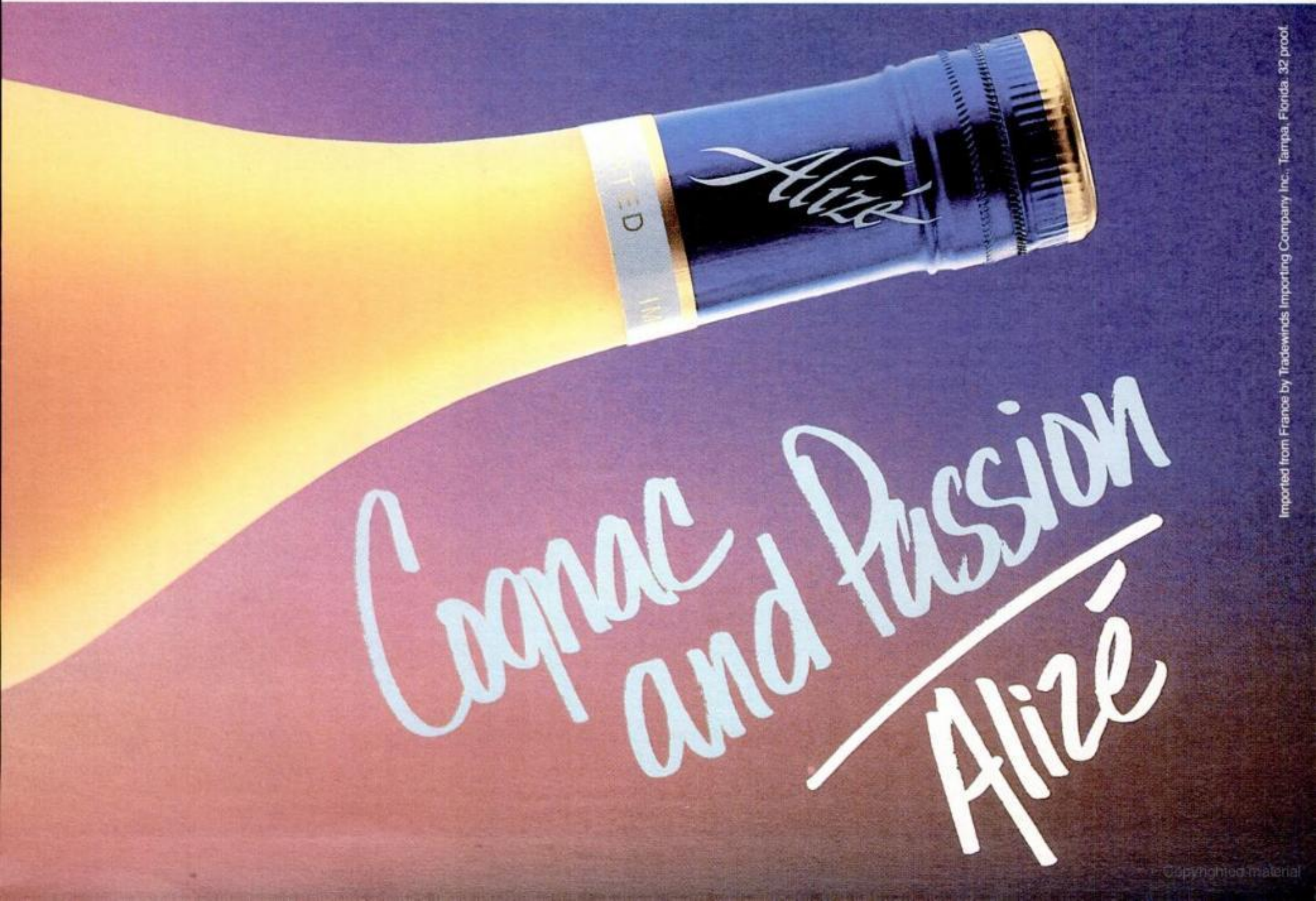
MOST LIKELY CAUSES OF BRAT DEATH
Cocaine or heroin overdose
Autoerotic asphyxiation
By popular demand





DESIGNER BRATS:
Egon Von Furstenberg (top); and Francesca Braschi (below), wearing one of her own creations

Photographs: Richard Avedon (Adler); Thomas Victor (Ephron); McMullan (Oxenberg, Taki, Janklows); others, Garnier





1. *116th Street and Park Avenue*, site of the shop in THE PAWNBROKER (exterior shots only).
2. *91st Street between Fifth and Madison Avenues* is the scene of the conflagration at the beginning of MARATHON MAN.
3. *P. J. Clarke's, 915 Third Avenue*, Nat's Bar in THE LOST WEEKEND, where Ray Milland banters with bartender Howard Da Silva (exterior shots only).
4. *Metropolitan Hospital Center, 1901 First Avenue*, where THE HOSPITAL was filmed.
5. *162 East 70th Street*, the townhouse in which psychiatrist Michael Caine has his office in DRESSED TO KILL.
6. *The northern Central Park Reservoir house*, where Dustin Hoffman confronts Laurence Olivier at the end of MARATHON MAN (exterior shots only).
7. *81st Street and Broadway*, site of the studio for "THE JERRY LANGFORD SHOW" in THE KING OF COMEDY.
8. In THE APARTMENT, Jack Lemmon's is at *15 West 67th Street*.
9. *The Apthorp, 78th Street and Broadway*, is where Meryl Streep goes after Jack Nicholson takes up with another woman in HEARTBURN.
10. *Tony's Italian Kitchen, 212 West 79th Street*, where in PRINCE OF THE CITY Treat Williams tapes a payoff for the D.A.'s office.
11. *55 Central Park West*, site of Sigourney Weaver's apartment in GHOSTBUSTERS.
12. In TAXI DRIVER, Robert De Niro manages a date with Cybill Shepherd and takes her to a porn film at the *Lyric Theatre, on 42nd Street*.
13. *The Doubleday bookstore on Fifth Avenue and 53rd Street*, where George Segal works in THE OWL AND THE PUSSYCAT.
14. *Tudor City Apartments*, where Tom Hanks lives in SPLASH.
15. At *Grand Central Terminal*, Cary Grant attempts to fade into the crowd before boarding the *20th Century Limited* in NORTH BY NORTHWEST.
16. *52nd Street between Sixth and Seventh Avenues* is the setting for much of SWEET SMELL OF SUCCESS.

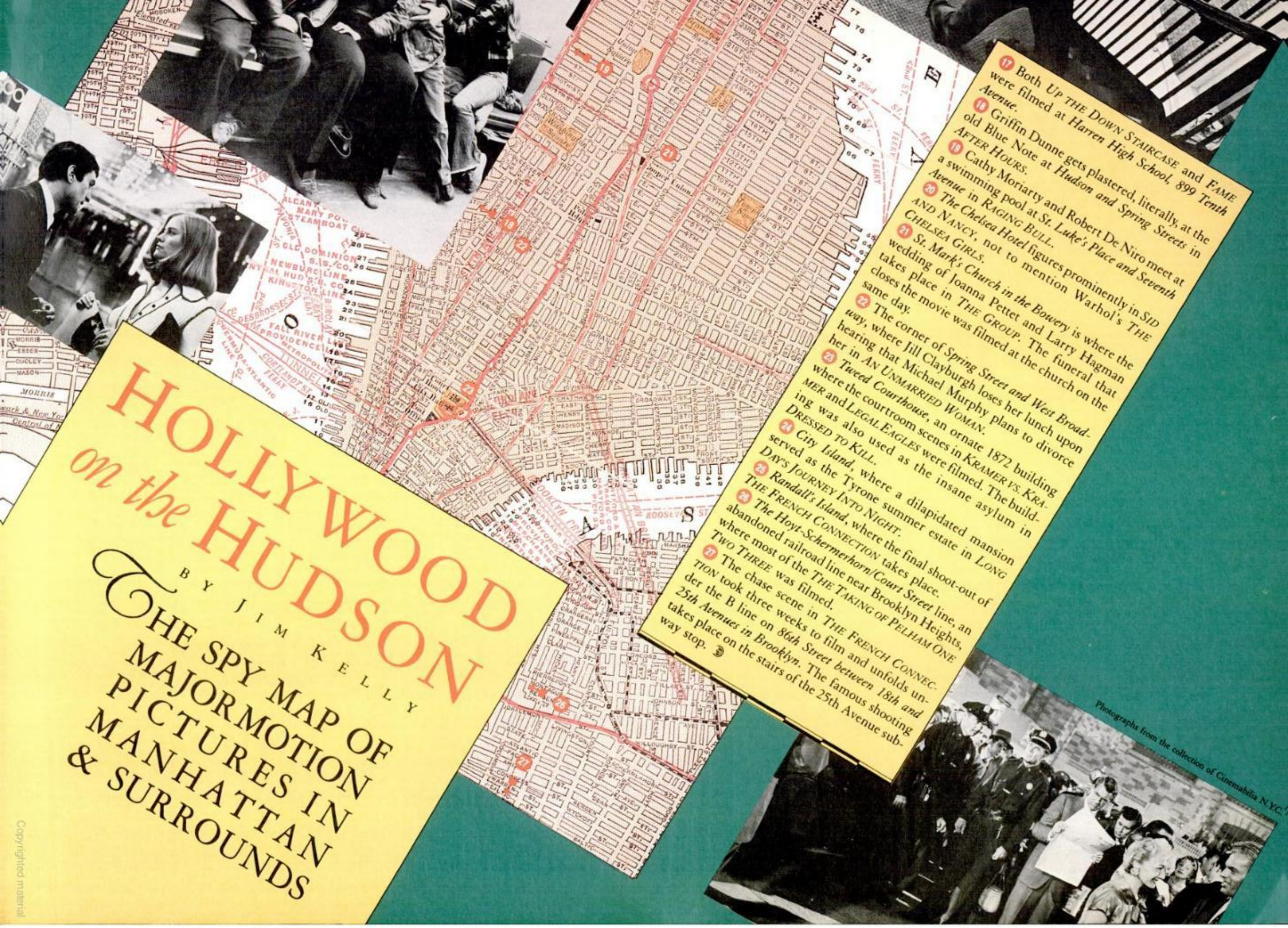




HOLLYWOOD on the HUDSON

BY JIM KELLY

THE SPY MAP OF MAJOR MOTION PICTURES IN MANHATTAN & SURROUNDS



17 Both *UP THE DOWN STAIRCASE* and *FAME* were filmed at *Harren High School, 899 Tenth Avenue.*

18 Griffin Dunne gets plastered, literally, at the old Blue Note at *Hudson and Spring Streets* in *AFTER HOURS.*

19 Cathy Moriarty and Robert De Niro meet at a swimming pool at *St. Luke's Place and Seventh Avenue* in *RAGING BULL.*

20 *The Chelsea Hotel* figures prominently in *SID AND NANCY*, not to mention Warhol's *THE CHELSEA GIRLS.*

21 *St. Mark's Church in the Bowery* is where the wedding of Joanna Pettet and Larry Hagman takes place in *THE GROUP.* The funeral that closes the movie was filmed at the church on the same day.

22 The corner of *Spring Street and West Broadway*, where Jill Clayburgh loses her lunch upon hearing that Michael Murphy plans to divorce her in *AN UNMARRIED WOMAN.*

23 *Tweed Courthouse*, an ornate 1872 building where the courtroom scenes in *KRAMER VS. KRAMER* and *LEGAL EAGLES* were filmed. The building was also used as the insane asylum in *DRESSED TO KILL.*

24 *City Island*, where a dilapidated mansion served as the Tyrone summer estate in *LONG DAY'S JOURNEY INTO NIGHT.*

25 *Randall's Island*, where the final shoot-out of *THE FRENCH CONNECTION* takes place.

26 *The Hoyt-Schermerhorn/Court Street* line, an abandoned railroad line near Brooklyn Heights, where most of the *THE TAKING OF PELHAM ONE TWO THREE* was filmed.

27 The chase scene in *THE FRENCH CONNECTION* took three weeks to film and unfolds under the B line on *86th Street between 18th and 25th Avenues in Brooklyn.* The famous shooting takes place on the stairs of the 25th Avenue subway stop.

Photographs from the collection of Cinemabilia N.Y.C.

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OPRAH WINFREY is on a binge. BILL ZEHME sizes up TV's economy-size glamour puss, who, newly syndicated, has become unavoidable. Duck and cover

It Came from Chicago

ON HER TELEVISION PROGRAM, Oprah Winfrey will hammer her thighs with knotty fists, cursing her corpulence. She will grandly toss her lacquered heap of hair and boulder through her audience, casting off gratuitous references to being spurned by men who left her "swollen cow-faced" from sobbing. Tugging at her trademark big-mama earrings, she will name-drop unashamedly—the most frequent is "Steven" (her director in *The Color Purple*, Steven Spielberg)—and brashly interrogate guests who have come to parade their afflictions before the cameras. One morning she earnestly clamped the forearm of a solemn middle-aged man who said that after surgery to correct impotence, his testicles had inflated to the size of basketballs. "Waitaminute," Winfrey interrupted. "How do you *walk* with testicles the size of basketballs?" Restraint is not her long suit.

Capaciously built, black, and extremely noisy, Oprah Winfrey is an aberration among talk show doyennes, and her press materials bleat as much. She is awash in adjectival suds: *earthy*, *spontaneous*, *genuine*, *brassy*, *down-home*. "The adorable token dumpling" is how one public relations executive describes her. A hyperkinetic amalgam of Mae West, Reverend Ike, Richard Simmons and Hulk Hogan is more to the point.

Though Winfrey has been a traffic-stopping celebrity in Chicago for three years, an Oscar nomination early last winter for her thunderous supporting performance in *The Color Purple* turned her into a national curiosity. In the ensuing months, she flounced ubiquitously from network to network, tussling with Joan Rivers, hosting *Saturday Night Live*, singing in the "Hands Across America" video, being indulged by Mike Wallace on *60 Minutes*. She completed a role in a second film, *Native Son*, due for imminent release. Meanwhile, *The Oprah Winfrey Show* was launched this September into syndication, carrying more than 130 markets. In New York, it can be seen weekdays at 10:00 a.m. on ABC.

More curious, certainly, has been her conquest of Hyannisport. Maria Shriver, a chum since their days together on Baltimore television, asked Oprah to recite the Elizabeth Barrett Browning poem "How Do I Love Thee" as Shriver traded marriage vows with Arnold Schwarzenegger. The only other speakers in the April ceremony were the bride's parents and her uncle, Ted Kennedy. Afterward, Winfrey says, she played charades at Ethel Kennedy's home and had several intimate chats with Jacqueline Onassis. "We talked life and perms and spirituality," she recalls. "I was moved by her." Oprah sent $650 replicas of a leather sailing jacket she wore that weekend to Eunice Shriver and Ethel Kennedy because both had admired it. "I *love* that family!" she quakes.

Winfrey played charades at Ethel Kennedy's home and shared several intimate chats with Jacqueline Onassis. "We talked life and perms and spirituality," she recalls

Her own family was itinerant and poor; her parents never married. A Mississippi mud pup made good, she now affects a rather poodlish starlet's existence; she is rarely without an entourage and attracts new sycophants like mad. She delights in making telephone calls from the backseats of limousines, and in mid-October her "phone time" was booked up through December. She arrived at the New York premiere of *The Color Purple* wearing a full-length $10,000 fox, dyed purple. When she hosted Chicago's Emmy Awards presentation last summer, she changed costumes five times. She paid $800,000 for her high-rise lakefront condominium, a marble-floored perch previously owned by former New York first lady Evangeline Gouletas Carey. "That place is strictly a Greek palace," says one skeptical associate. She almost never eats at home, but she throws Chicago's only "serious" New Year's Eve party. Among last year's attendees were *Ebony-Jet* publishing heiress Linda Johnson Rice and Jesse Jackson.

Rich Chicagoans who have had her to their homes describe the unabashed lustfulness with which she fingers their possessions, pokes into their closets, counts their shoes. "She was like a little kid running around my apartment, just oohing and aahing," says Rockefeller heiress Abra Prentice Wilkin. When socialite novelist Sugar Rautbord invited her over, Rautbord says, "it was like 'Ooh, where'd you get this? Ooh, how much did you pay for that?' There's a wonderful hunger about her. Some people yearn to be free. Oprah yearns to be rich."

"You notice people are starting to kiss me a lot lately?" Oprah Winfrey is saying. One of her aides, a young white woman named Alice McGee, nods contemplatively and urges, "We gotta watch that." Winfrey shrugs. "Well, I always turn and give 'em my cheek. You don't wanna say, 'How about a hug instead?' "

They have just arrived, one hour late, at a photographer's loft, where Oprah is posing for promotional portraits. Effusive and playful, she clomps in, wearing snakeskin cowboy boots. "Let's get some music in here!" she orders. An Aretha Franklin record, purchased specifically for this shooting by the photographer, is immediately placed on the studio's stereo system. Winfrey begins to dance and continues to do so all afternoon. Whenever a song that displeases her plays, she pounces on the turntable and shoves the needle—*scraaaaatch*—onto another cut, usually the one called "Sisters Are Doin' It for Themselves."

"It's my theme song," she announces each time, then sings along in a robust yowl.

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Her presence is akin to a monsoon. She is never still, forever jostling and jiving; her latex-smooth face exudes a kind of giddy girlishness. Her great, lippy smile is almost audible. Always she is draped in the sunnier colors of Norma Kamali, Donna Karan, Sonia Rykiel; today it is flaming tangerine. She poses flirtatiously for the camera, occasionally lifting her skirt, flashing skin, loosing a come-hither gaze—an economy-size glamour puss.

At one point she bounces over to where I sit watching. Locking her sturdy hands on my kneecaps, she leans close and, without a shred of conviction, moans, "I want you to know that I *hate* posing for pictures more than *anything else* in the *world*! I'd rather be dragged down to the Chicago River and *flogged*!"

A few days earlier one of her friends had said to me, "She dreams of being a cover girl. She wants to be on the cover of everything."

Call her a binge dreamer: "I knew I'd be a millionaire by the time I turned 32," she says, again and again. That dream was realized just over a year ago, when she was 31, the result of a chunky TV syndication deal. She told me this in the first hour I spent with her. By the second hour she had added, puffing up with purpose, "I certainly intend to be the richest black woman in America. I intend to be a mogul."



She regularly loads conversations with these kinds of weighty intentions. Her newly formed production company, she swears, will grow to the size and significance of Mary Tyler Moore's MTM. She sees herself starring in a wildly successful sitcom within five years. "I will produce it and sell it to the network, and then do movies in the off-season," she says. She will make a film biography of Madame C. J. Walker, inventor of the hair-straightening comb and "the first female millionare in this country." She will become "a great, great actress," a best-selling memoirist (Random House has reportedly already made an offer) and a European-land owner. "What causes other people to fail is not part of my spirit," she says. "I know exactly where I'm a-going."

Consider where she has been. In the fourth paragraph of her official press biography, right after her "grocery-store phobia" (too many choices) is dealt with, we are reminded that she was a childhood victim of sexual abuse. Actually, we are reminded that she blurted this out on the air one day during a program on the subject. (*She's shockingly honest! Unpredictable!*) It is said that even her mother hadn't previously known about it. Winfrey has offered little elaboration on the charge since that program; the bio sheet is not specific.

What has murkily come to light: she spent her toddling years on a grandmother's Mississippi pig farm. At 6, she moved to Milwaukee to live with her mother, a housekeeper, and she stayed until she was 13. It was her father, a Nashville barber, who plucked the obstreperous Oprah from that quagmire. Soon her loudness was harnessed and refined in school oratory contests. Tiaras were plopped on her head: Miss Fire Prevention, Miss Black Tennessee. After graduating from Tennessee State, she became a Nashville TV newsreader; then it was on to Baltimore and, finally, Chicago, where for the first time she was given a show of her own, the kind of midmorning cheesy-issue (*Penile Implants! Tomorrow at nine!*) wheeze that bored housewives subsist on. Her singular on-camera aplomb, her ability to ask Sally Field whether Burt Reynolds sleeps in his toupee, her loud, deft heft redefined the torpid genre, and ratings soared. Recently she told *The Washington Post* that on her Chicago show, "people would know that just because I mentioned the word *penis* I'm not a slut. . . . I will say *penis* now [that the show's gone national], but I will say, 'I'm going to say the word, okay? Those of you who don't want to hear it, I'm going to say that word.'"

"I am where I am because I believed in my possibilities," she is telling me, breathlessly evangelical. "I am as grounded as anybody you'll ever meet. And very, very God-centered. I know who the hell I am! And you have to be responsible for yourself, you see. You get more by doing what comes naturally than you do by *efforting* to get things! I move with the flow and take life's cues. Let the universe handle the details."

We are having dinner at what she insists is her favorite restaurant, a tiny, loud corner Italian place called Papa Milano. Her photograph hangs on the plywood paneling. We are being fussed over by the owner, who will charge nothing for our meal, a mountain of chicken Vesuvio.

"Take *Purple*," she implores me, slamming the tabletop for emphasis. "It was a *classic*, *classic*, *classic* case of how thought manifests in reality, of how putting something out into the universe is rewarded. I adored the book, right? Made *every*-blessed-body I know read it. Then I heard it was being made into a movie. A *movie*!

"Of course, Bill, what I wanted was to be a part of it. I thought, *If they would just let me carry water to the set, I'd be ecstatic.* I would have been best girl. Script girl. Xerox person. I would do *whatever.* It had not occurred to me that maybe I could have a *role* in it."

There is a homely sentence in Alice Walker's novel—"on page 228, hardcover edition," Winfrey points out—that describes Sofia, the strident charac-

Wealthy Chicagoans who have had her to their homes speak fondly of the wide-eyed abandon with which she fingers their possessions, pokes into their closets, counts their shoes

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ter she played: "She bound to live her life and be herself, no matter what." My interview notes are sodden with the phrase, which Oprah has reworked into a personal declaration that she brandishes at all comers. She uses the sentence to fend off station managers who fret that she's lost her humility, that she pops off a bit too frequently about having a surplus of fur coats ("I say minks were *born* to die!") and a bloated income ("Money just *falls* off of me, I mean it *falls* off!"). She hauls it out when dealing with disapproving hostesses who carp that she never RSVPs and surmise that she has no notion of thank-you note etiquette. Exasperated service people get a full dose of it, too—like the one who grumped to me, "She's like a very unregimented, undisciplined teenager. You've just got to put your foot down and say, 'Oprah, you have to do this, and you have to do it now!'"

Friends froth about her largess, however. She has given furs and exotic vacations to her staff. She has established speech scholarships for ghetto children. She dotes on one particular gaggle of teen girls from Chicago's blighted Cabrini-Green housing project; she hosts sleep-overs for them. On her show, she even gave one of her dogs to a bereaved woman whose own pooch had just perished (*Dead pets! Tomorrow at nine!*). "You'll give it a better home than I can 57 flights up," she said, a little grandly. And now the down-and-out guests on the show can make a little profit from their afflictions: Oprah's production company, Harpo ("Oprah" backward), reportedly has been optioning their stories for made-for-TV movies.

Last July *The Chicago Sun-Times* ran an item about a trip she took to the city's West Side, where Jimmy Carter, in his blue jeans, had come to erect low-income homes. The paper reported that Oprah had committed to work with him for an hour but, in fact, stayed only long enough to pose for publicity photos. The one published shows her, thoroughly confused, in a lemony Sonia Rykiel dress, clutching a hammer backward. "What was I supposed to do," she later commented, "*build a house?*"

"Life is a reciprocal," she booms, slapping my forearm with vigor. In the course of our four-block walk together, I absorb her meaning. A restaurateur accosts her, dangling the promise of free clams. A masseuse offers a rubdown. A real estate sharpie offers a tip. At least three dozen pedestrians hoot—and often mispronounce—her name. Automobiles honk. An impossibly cute little boy nuzzles her. ("I don't even get that," says his mother.) A kindly old furrier walking with his wife proposes to cold-store her furs. "No charge," he pleads. "We happen to love you! And I *mean* that!" For my benefit, she throws the back of one hand to her brow and sighs melodramatically, "As Gloria Swanson says in *Sunset Boulevard*, 'I'm so *happy* I simply *can't* go on!'"

I ask her to assess her talent.

"My greatest gift is my ability to be myself at all times, no matter what," she replies earnestly, batting her lashes like a cartoon fawn. "I am as comfortable in front of the camera with a million people watching me as I am sitting here talking to you. I have the ability to be perfectly vulnerable at all times."

She is sprawled lumpily across her bed at this point, and I sit on its lower edge. There is no other furniture in the apartment but a nightstand. Propped on it is a photograph of her swoon of the moment, Stedman Graham, a model and former European basketball player. Each time the telephone rings, she lunges and predicts, "This is *maaaaajor*—it's *hiiiimmmm.*" It never is.

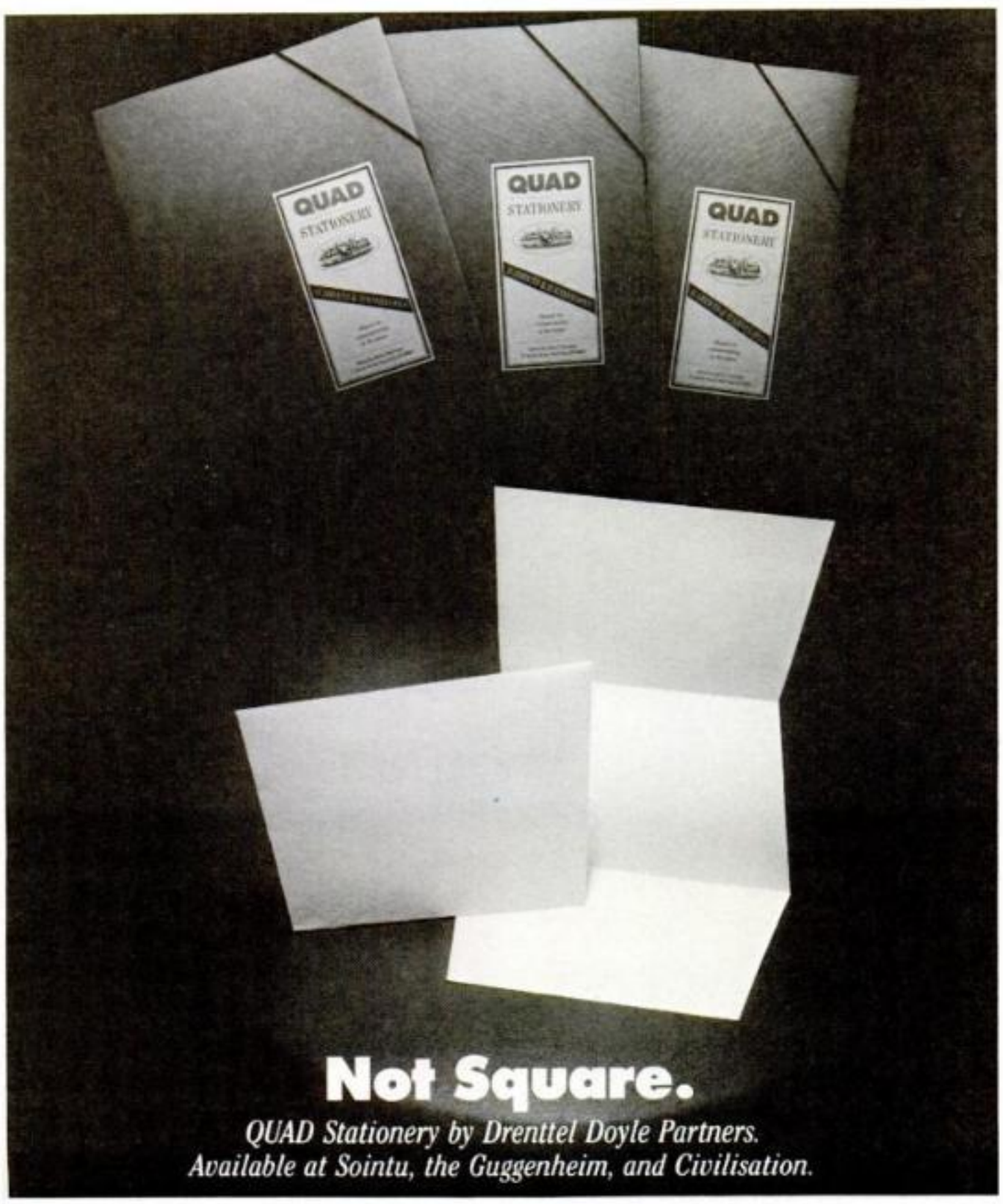
"I transcend race, really." Her enunciation is crisp and regal. "I believe that I have a higher calling. What I do goes beyond the realm of everyday parameters. I am profoundly effective. The response I get on the street—I mean, Joan Lunden doesn't get that, and I know it. I know people really, really *love* me, *love* me, *love* me. A bonding of the human spirit takes place. Being able to lift a whole consciousness—that's what I do."

I get the feeling that Norma Desmond has, in fact, put on a hundred pounds and a very deep tan and is now flopping on the quilted bedspread, pondering her nail polish.

"I can assure you," she continues, answering my unarticulated concern, "that people who think accomplishment has gone to my head are the very people who, if it were happening to them, would have been blown out of the water. I don't want to be portrayed as someone who's gotten a little money and has gone bonkers over it. All I can say is, this is great living up here," she says, waving at the barren expanse of her bedroom. "The sun rises off the lake in the morning, right through this window, and it's a joy to my soul, really. But none of it defines who I am. I still haven't jumped up and down about becoming a millionaire. Money doesn't define me."

But, I remind her, *you're the one who yearns to be the richest black woman in the nation.*

"It's something to do," she says. ⓢ

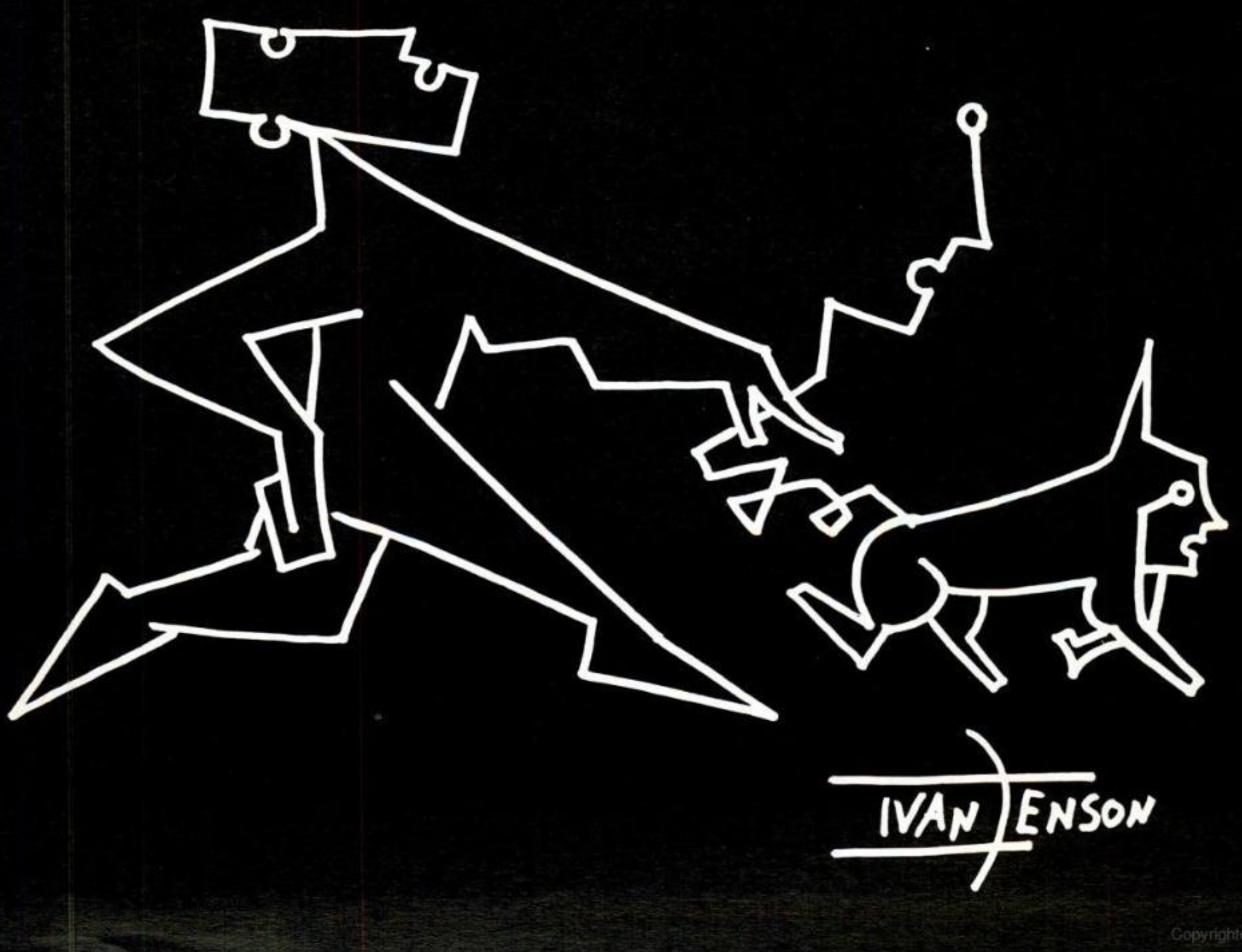


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GO WEST

TO THE KEYS

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Renown is not the same as celebrity; fame is not the same as stardom. We're not sure what that means, but we do know a few things about the nature of big-time notoriety. Thus, SPY's celebrity primer. With the next six pages as your guide, soon you'll be able to talk like a star, walk (more or less) like a star and—*beginning immediately*—drop names of other stars like a star.

Telling Your Story to the Press

All Their Secrets Are the Same

The fledgling celebrity who has not yet learned the value of time should remember just two things: every interviewer asks the same questions and *no celebrity has ever had an original answer to these questions.* As HOWARD KAPLAN illustrates for the novice, no matter how refreshingly candid an interviewee believes his observation to be, it's just show business as usual.



PROFESSIONAL MATTERS

You always look so sure of yourself. Do you ever have stage fright?

I used to get butterflies in my stomach, and often threw up.—*James Cagney*
I had terrible, terrible stage fright.... I wouldn't eat food, because I was sure that if I ate food I'd throw up.—*Joan Baez*
When I tested for the *Zhivago* role, I was so nervous I was throwing up.—*Geraldine Chaplin*

From the outside, the actor's life looks very glamorous. How would you describe a typical workday?

We had to get to the studio early in the morning and make pictures all day long, 7 days a week, 12 hours a day.—*James Cagney*
We work 12 to 18 hours a day, 5 days a week, so when we do go home, we sleep.
—*Philip Michael Thomas*
You have to get up at five o'clock in the morning and do a love scene, and you're so exhausted you don't want to. You think, *Oh, leave me alone!*
—*Richard Gere*
[With *M*A*S*H*] I would literally be writing until two or three in the morning. Some mornings, I would wake up on the couch, having slept one hour, and then go down to the set.—*Alan Alda*

What's it like to see yourself on the screen?

It's a very weird experience. In many ways, it's like looking at someone else.—*Goldie Hawn*
After 25 years you learn to distance yourself, it's like you are someone else.—*Jane Fonda*
I said, "Who is that woman up there? I don't know her. I don't walk like that, I don't sound like that." Well, I realized that was good, that I'd made a departure. That I *really* lost myself in that role. I didn't know myself.—*Dyan Cannon*
For some reason my main movie, *Lady Sings the Blues*, to me really isn't me.... That movie was like magic, so that when I'm looking at it, I'm really not seeing myself, I'm seeing the actress.—*Diana Ross*

What's it like to perform live?

There's an energy that comes from getting up in front of an audience.—*Barry Levinson*
It's like making love. It's an incredible feeling, to reach out and grab their souls and then they grab yours.—*Laura Branigan*
I really dig performing for a live audience. No kidding, I mean I love those people. I love the feedback of a Vegas or a Tahoe group.—*Ann-Margret*
Something happened in England and Wales, when I began to relate to the audience in such a one-to-one way. These were audiences of 2,500 or 3,000 people, yet it seemed like we were in a living room together.
—*Peggy Lee*

You've already made an incredible mark on the industry. What's left for you now?

I would love to direct.—*Tom Cruise*
I think I've always harbored the feeling that I had something to say as a director.—*Jon Voight*
The whole other side of the camera interests me much more than it ever has. The directing and the

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producing.—*Marsha Mason*
I'd like to keep on doing my specials, keeping busy, but what I'd really like to do is direct.—*Bob Hope*

You've succeeded in almost everything you've done. What's your secret?

The key to that is your dream. If you just go forth with your dream, those things are goin' to happen.—*Kim Basinger*
I think that it's important to have a dream. It's one thing to achieve your goals, but then you must always have another goal.
—*Dina Merrill*
One of the things that I think makes us larger as human beings, or that improves our lives, is the ability to dream. To just dream. Why not?—*Stephen King*
[Conrad Hilton Sr.] was fascinating.... I would ask him a lot of questions about business. He said to me once, "Dream big dreams, the biggest that you can imagine, because your only fear is that they'll come true."—*Marsha Mason*

Personal Matters

How do you see yourself? Are you an extrovert or an introvert?

I'm a shy person, I've just recently been able to deal with that.—*Dweezil Zappa*
I'm really rather a quiet person, not an attention-seeker.—*Annie Lennox*
I'm really very private, in my own world.
—*Tom Cruise*

Were you always a beauty, even as a child?

I always thought I was an ugly duckling.
—*Kathleen Turner*
I got good grades, so I figured out at an early age that I wasn't going to be attractive socially.—*Ali MacGraw*
I don't find my looks interesting. The kind of beauty I really admire is Meryl Streep's.
—*Michelle Pfeiffer*
Before I started feeling devoted to dancing, I didn't really like myself very much. I didn't think I was beautiful or talented.
—*Madonna*

Do you ever get a thrill meeting other celebrities?

It's funny. I've been in The Business a long time, but no matter who I see, I always get excited and star-struck. I was sitting next to Henry Winkler and I went crazy.
—*Jodie Foster*
I saw James Brown walking down the street once in New York City, and I ran and leaped and went up and said, "Mr. Brown, Mr. Brown. I just want to meet you."
—*Philip Michael Thomas*
I feel really shy about going up to people and saying hello, telling them I appreciate their work, but I went up and said, "Hey, Mr. Hoffman."—*Tom Cruise*
I ran into Cary Grant once and was flabbergasted.—*Susan Sarandon*

What's your idea of a good time?

A big night for us is going to the movies and having popcorn.—*Lesley Ann Warren*
My favorite evening is to go home, play with Carly, get dinner on a tray and go and watch telly in bed.
—*Twiggy*
We just basically all sit at home with cups of tea and watch television.—*Andy Gibb*
I have always been very insistent on taking that two or three hours several times a week for having fun, which means... running a video, going to the movies or even just flaking out in front of the TV.—*Joan Collins*

You seem to be a very conscientious parent. Tell me, would you like to see your children follow in your footsteps?

I don't want them to feel pushed. So if they do it, I will be only so happy, really happy. But I think that it would be really up to them to make the choice.
—*Placido Domingo*
I'd let them do anything that makes them happy....What's important for me is to give them a well-rounded education and a mixture of people in their lives. They'll make their own choices.—*Diana Ross*
[Chris] can do whatever he wants; I don't care, I really don't. But I do want him to try with all his might and spirit to do something he loves, something he really wants to do.—*Jack Lemmon*
So long as [Jesse's] happy—and I say this and people think I'm kidding—I really don't care what he does.—*Don Johnson*

Last question. Where do you think you'd be today if you hadn't become a star?

Odds are I'd be dead. Of my three best friends [in Ohio], two are dead and one's in prison.—*Rob Lowe*
Most of the guys I hung out with are now either dead or in jail.—*Don Johnson*
It was a bloody miracle that, running with the crowd I was with, I just didn't go off the deep end.—*Ali MacGraw*
You know, I was thinking back over the years this morning, Andy [Warhol], about many of the people that we knew in common who are dead, and I wondered why you survived, or either one of us, for that matter.—*Jane Fonda*

New York's Finest



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BREWERY &
RESTAURANT
235 11th Ave.

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WALK LIKE A ★ TALK LIKE A ★

Who Do These People Think They Are?

We scoured New York for people who believe they resemble celebrated people. Sources were informed. Advertisements were placed. We eliminated the obvious look-alikes—the doppelgängers, the ones with a vulgar physical similarity. We were after people who believe they resemble celebrated people *against all evidence to the contrary.* Because, you know—if we can be serious for a moment—it's what people are like on the *inside* that really counts. And we wanted people who had only faith—faith in themselves, but also faith in the industry. And by the industry, of course, we mean show business. JOE MASTRIANNI found seven beautiful people who love the business. It was a very special experience working with them. And we mean that from the bottom of our hearts.

Madonna I. Laura Garfield, 28 (top row, left), and Madonna lead startlingly parallel lives. Both are singer-actresses. Amazingly, both also love to dance. Garfield was a fan of Sean Penn's before the marriage and hopes the couple can "fulfill their potential separately and together."

Mick Jagger. People have always told musician Todd Loweth, 36 (top, center), that he looks like Jagger. "I remember seeing *Gimme Shelter*. It was like looking at a mirror on the screen. As a performer, though, I want to be known in my own right."

Sarah Ferguson. With her red hair, it's entirely possible that Christina Britton, 27 (top, right), and the Duchess of York are cousins. The fact that the model-actress's last name is Britton makes the coincidence all the more spooky.

Marilyn Monroe. Vicki Darnell, 25 (front row, left), has portrayed Mae West and Dolly Parton in the past. Darnell has appeared in many commercials, originating the television roles of the Hot Tub Girl in the Aquarius Pools ad and the Bank Teller in the Citizens Bank of Paducah ad.

Madonna II. Winning the MTV Video Vanguard Award was a thrill for Madonna, but for Irene Manning, 25 (front, center), life has not been without its share of triumph, either: "My most exciting experience was being a model on Cable Channel D."

Robin Williams. Fate is a funny thing, and no one knows that better than Bob Flannigan, 31 (front, right). This accident of birth has proved to be a career advantage for the actor. "Sometimes I go onstage and, because I look like Williams, I can say 'horseshoe crab' and people will laugh."

Marlon Brando. Steve Chappina, 34 (seated), considers himself lucky: he isn't normally accosted in the streets by well-wishing fans. An actor and "voice-over specialist," Chappina has never met Brando but, he says excitedly, "I did meet Al Pacino on a street in the Village once." ◗



Photograph by Stephen Hill

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The SPY Guide to

Correct Pronunciation

Cocktail and dinner party chat is fraught with enough anxiety ("*Uh, no, I, I'm afraid I haven't read Kennan's piece in the new Foreign Affairs*") without the further requirement that one commit to memory a harrowing assortment of hard-to-pronounce names. Muffed introductions and pathetic inquiries concerning the spelling of a surname are sure to elicit deadly stares and end with you heading back across the room muttering to yourself. The embarrassment is all the worse when the name belongs to a putative celebrity, because of *course* you're supposed to know how to pronounce those. And doesn't it seem that more people than ever have idiosyncratic names these days? At last, help is here.

AT LITERARY FUNCTIONS

Roger Angell
editor and writer, *The New Yorker*
ān-'jel (ain-JELL)

Donald Barthelme
writer
'bär-thul-ˌmē (BAR-thul-mee)

Roland Barthes
dead French writer
'bärt (BAHRT)

Roy Blount Jr.
funny writer
'blunt (BLUNT)



Harvey Fierstein
playwright
'fī(e)r-ˌstēn (FIRE-steen)

Michiko Kakutani
book critic, *The New York Times*
'mēch-ē-ˌkō ˌkahk-ü-'tän-ē (MEECH-ee-ko cock-oo-TAHN-ee)

Alfred A. Knopf
publishing company
kuh-'näpf (cuh-NOPF)

Carl Navarre
publisher, the Atlantic Monthly Press
'nav-uh-ˌrā (NAV-a-ray)

Lord Weidenfeld
chairman, Weidenfeld & Nicolson, New York
'vī-den-ˌfeld (VYE-den-feld)

Leon Wieseltier
literary editor, *The New Republic*
'wē-zuhl-ˌtēr (WE-zul-teer)

AT PARTIES WHERE GUESTS OWN THEIR OWN MAGAZINES

Marty Peretz
executive editor in chief, *The New Republic*
'par-uts (parrots)

Norman Podhoretz
editor, *Commentary*
päd-'hō(e)r-its (pod-HOAR-its)

Jann Wenner
editor and publisher, *Rolling Stone*; editor, *Us*
'yän (YON)

AT THE RUSSIAN TEA ROOM

Eric Bogosian
actor and performance artist
buh-'gōzh-un (buh-GOZH-un)



Jonathan Demme
movie director
'dem-ē (DEM-ee)

Jujamcyn
Broadway theater chain
jü-'jam-sen (ju-JAM-sen)

Francine LeFrak
Broadway producer
luh-'frak (luh-FRAK)

Demi Moore
actress
duh-'mē (de-MEE)

Milos Forman
movie director
'mē-lōsh 'fōr-man (MEE-losh FORE-man)

Susan Sarandon
actress
ser-'an-dun (sir-ANN-done)

Wim Wenders
movie director
'vim 'ven-derz (Vim VEN-dors)

AT THE FOUR SEASONS GRILL ROOM

John Burgee
architect
ber-'gē (bur-GHEE)

AT "21," MORTIMER'S OR LE CYGNE

John H. Gutfreund
chairman and CEO, Salomon Brothers
'güt-frend (GOOT-friend)

John W. Kluge
chairman and president, Metromedia Inc.
'klü-gē (KLOO-ghee)

Sam LeFrak
real estate developer
'lef-rak (LEF-rak)

Felix Rohatyn
investment banker
'ro-uh-ˌtun (ROE-uh-tun)

Le Cygne
tony restaurant
le-'sēn (luh SEEN)

ANYWHERE SOUTH OF 14TH STREET

Jean-Michel Basquiat
painter
'bäs-kē-ˌyät (BAHS-keeyaht)

Guy Billout
illustrator
ˌgē-bē-'yü (ghee bee-YOU)

Eric Fischl
painter
'fish-ul (FISH-ul)

Julian Schnabel
painter
'shnä-bul (SHNAH-bul)

Photographs: Paula Court (Bogosian); Paul Natkin/Star File (Sade); J. Bich/Sygma (von Karajan)

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AT TOWER RECORDS



Sade
singer
shär-'dā (shar-DAY)

AT A GATHERING OF PEOPLE WHO RUN TO EXCESS

Fred Lebow
president, New York Road Runners Club
'lē-,bō (LEE-bow)

AT LINCOLN CENTER

Leonard Bernstein
composer and conductor
'bern-,stēn (BURN-steen)

James Levine
conductor and Metropolitan Opera Association music director
le-'vīn (luh-VINE)



Herbert von Karajan
conductor
vän-'kar-ē-,ón (von CARry-on)

SUNDAY AFTERNOON IN FRONT OF THE TV

Tony Dorsett
football player
dō(e)r-'set (door-SET)

WHEN DISCUSSING EAST–WEST RELATIONS

John Chancellor
NBC commentator
1970: *'chan(t)s-ler (CHANCE-lur)*
1986: *'chan-se-,lō(e)r (CHAN-se-lor)*

Alexander Cockburn
Soviet journalist
'cō-,bern (CO-burn)

Ted Koppel
anchor, *Nightline*
1970: *kuh-'pel (kuh-PELL)*
1986: *'käp-ul (KAH-pul)*

Uranus
planet
Before it had to be mentioned on the evening news almost every night:
yù-'rā-nus (yer-ANE-us)
After it had to be mentioned on the evening news almost every night during a satellite flyby: *'yůr-uh-nus (YER-un-us)*

Sander Vanocur
ABC correspondent
van-'ō-ker (van-OH-kur)

John Vinocur
metropolitan editor, *The New York Times*
'vin-uh-ker (VIN-uh-kur)

WHEN TALKING ABOUT YOUR FORTHCOMING TRIP TO ENGLAND

Magdalen
the Oxford college
'mȯd-len (MAUD-lin)

Berkeley Square
'bärk-lē (BARK-lee)

Leicester Square
'les-ter (LES-ter)

WHEN BUYING CLOTHES

Henri Bendel
store
'hen-rē 'ben-dl (HEN-ree BENDL)

Hermès
store
a(e)r-'mez (air-MEZ)

Ralph Lauren
designer
'lō-rin (LAW-rin)

Issey Miyake
designer
'ē-sā mē-'yä-kē (EE-say mee-YAH-kee)

Louis Vuitton
suitcase
'lü-ē wē-'tōn (LOO-ee we-TOHN)

Petaluma

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EDWARD ZUCKERMAN makes a scientific comparison of the Eastern Air Shuttle, the BMT

LIKE A CATTLE

If you loaded the cattle car at the same density as the Air Shuttle, you could take 128 friends to Washington with you for $475. Cost per person: $3.68

AS USUAL, THE NEW YORK SUBWAYS AND the Eastern Air Shuttle are being compared to cattle cars. COMPETITION SUBSTITUTES FRILLS FOR "CATTLE CAR" APPROACH was the headline over a *New York Times* article last summer about the air shuttle wars. "I refuse to ride in unventilated cattle cars," an irate subway passenger had protested in a letter to the *Times* not long before.

These are serious allegations, so it is somewhat surprising that there has been no independent journalistic investigation of their validity. The cattle car McCarthyites have had free rein to apply their smear to any disfavored mode of transportation without challenge. *But no longer.*

On September 5, I set off on a 40-hour journey—from Miami, Florida, to College Station, Texas (via Rome, Georgia)—on a genuine cattle car loaded with 27 heifers, 3 cows and 2 calves. The mission: to make an objective, point-by-point comparison of the cattle car, the subway and the Air Shuttle—a task that was, in the interest of fairness, long overdue.[1]

THE VEHICLES

The cattle car was an 18-wheel tractor-trailer operated by Howard Barnes Livestock Trucking of Fayetteville, Arkansas. The cab was a 1983 Peterbilt with a Caterpillar diesel engine and 13 forward gears. The trailer in which the cattle rode was a gleaming aluminum Merritt model, 48 feet long and 8 feet wide, with dozens of holes punched in its sides for flow-through ventilation.

For comparative purposes, I selected the Boeing 727-200 used by Eastern Airlines on the New York–Washington run and the RR subway train on the BMT line, because that is the one that goes to my house in Queens.

The results of the comparison:

CONVENIENCE

Cattle car: Provides door-to-door service. The truck met the cattle at the agricultural facility of Miami International Airport—where they had just arrived on a flight from the Virgin Islands, their birthplace—and delivered them to the gates of Hopes Creek Ranch in College Station, Texas, their new home.[2]

RR train: Runs along fixed tracks. Cannot come to your house if you are off the line (barring serendipitous derailment). I have to walk three-quarters of a mile to the nearest station.

Air Shuttle: Only goes to airports.

FARE

RR train: $1

Air Shuttle: $75

Cattle car: $1.90 per mile. At first glance this seems higher than the subway or the Air Shuttle. (Washington is 250 miles from New York; the cattle car fare would be $475.) But keep in mind that the cattle car fare is like a taxi fare; several passengers can ride for the price of one. If you loaded the cattle car at the same density as the Air Shuttle (see below), you could take 128 friends to Washington with you for $475. Cost per person: $3.68. Loading the cattle car at the same density as the RR train (see below), I could take 287 of my neighbors with me on the four-mile ride to midtown Manhattan for less than 3 cents apiece, a far better value than the subway.

BOARDING PROCEDURES

Cattle car: Exiting their DC-6 at Miami Interna-

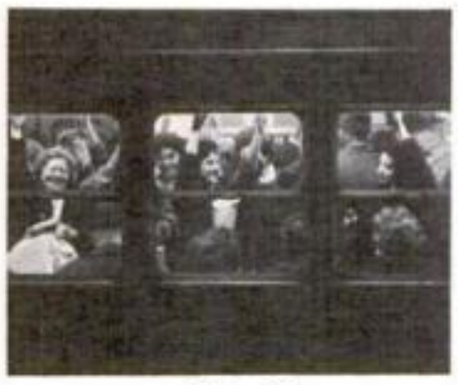
[1] *The cattle car label has also been applied of late to the congested New York City criminal-justice system. (See the August 18 Times editorial, "Relief for the Cattle Car Court.") Owing to time limitations, I was, unfortunately, unable to make a comparative evaluation of the quality of justice administration aboard the cattle car.*

[2] *The cattle flew from St. Croix to Miami on a DC-6 of Trans Air Link Airlines. I tried to arrange a direct comparison of the Eastern Air Shuttle and the cattle airline but could not book passage on Trans Air Link.*



Zuckerman discusses service with a fellow passenger.

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RR riders say the initials stand for "really relaxing."

tional Airport, the cattle moved along a ramp that led directly from the plane to the truck. There was some confusion. The ramp was just wide enough for three cattle; often four or more would try to move along side by side and get wedged in tight. Greater confusion occurred when an animal already in or near the truck decided to go back to the plane for something, causing gridlock on the ramp. To expedite the process, men moved along behind the cattle, waving their arms and clapping their hands. Following behind was a man with a hose, washing off manure.

and—yes—a real cattle car

CAR

Air Shuttle: Similar.

RR train: Guidance from men waving their arms would be an improvement. A hose man is also sorely needed.

EMERGENCY SERVICES

Cattle car: Sadly, a calf born shortly before the cattle departed St. Croix (where they had been confined for ten days in quarantine pens) arrived in Miami in extremely poor health. A man carried it off the plane and laid it by the side of the ramp; it was absolutely limp. The truck driver, Curtis Villines, 36, of Fayetteville, Arkansas, was immediately concerned. "Get a little milk in him," he said. "He'll be all right." A few minutes later he examined the calf again. "Better call a doctor," he said. "I don't think he's going to make it nohow." He took another look. "He's dead."

"Not yet," said a man who had accompanied the animals on the plane.

A few minutes passed.

"Get the doctor," said Villines. "I hate to put him on the truck with him already dead."

"He is dead," said the man from the plane.

"He's not *plumb* dead," said Villines. But he was wrong. The animal was totally dead. And Villines was relieved that the calf had died at the airport and not on the truck.

"It really makes them feel bad," he explained, "when you bring them a dead one."

RR train: Similar.

Air Shuttle: Better.

AMBIENCE

Cattle car: Villines spread a layer of hay over the trailer bed, which the cattle could stand on, lie on or eat, as they chose. On most trips the hay is promptly covered by a deep layer of fresh manure, but that did not occur in this case. "It's all on the plane," Villines explained. (The cattle were not fed in Miami.) By the time we reached Texas, the hay was matted down in a homey, comfortable way. "I wouldn't even clean that out if I was going on another run," Villines said. "A farmer would like the way that looked."

Air Shuttle: Sterile.

RR train: No hay.

WEIGHT LOSS

Cattle car: Despite the comforts provided, the cattle arrived in Texas weighing about 100 pounds less apiece than they had in St. Croix. This was a result of the traumas of the quarantine, their first plane ride, and a long fast, as well as the truck ride.

RR train: Potential weight loss varies in proportion to heft of personal valuables.

Air Shuttle: Ditto, but Eastern has just started serving drinks.

COMFORT

Cattle car: The trailer is divided into six compartments on two levels, with a total of 750 square feet. The compartment that was most crowded during the trip measured 25 feet by 8 feet and carried 15 heifers weighing 800 pounds each. That's 13.3 square feet per heifer. If a heifer were five 160-pound people, each of them would have 2.7 square feet.

Air Shuttle: Carries 177 people in a cabin approximately 93 feet by 11 feet, for 5.8 square feet per person. Unfortunately, much of that space is taken up by tiny seats, and passengers are forced by flight attendants to sit in them.

RR train: On a moderately crowded car of the RR





Always well mannered, a crowd boards the Eastern shuttle.

train at rush hour, I counted 208 passengers. Interior dimensions of the car are about 60 feet by 9 feet, for 2.6 square feet per person. This is slightly *less* than the square footage per heifer-person on the cattle car. On the other hand, it is worth noting that the RR train is almost 50 percent more roomy than the Black Hole of Calcutta, which had 1.8 square feet per person.

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THE BEGINNING OF THE END



THE UNCERTAIN STATUS OF BEING STERN

by Michael Sorkin

TOPIC A

WHAT WOULD STATUS be without its symbols? Shopping at Tiffany's the other day for a baby's birth bibelot, I came across a swell example of the self-reflexive sublime: a ceramic morsel wrought in the image of a Tiffany-blue gift box. Clearly, this is the perfect "gift from Tiffany's." But not exactly a suitable offering from a godparent. I couldn't be sure that a one-year-old would get it. So he didn't.

Consider, then, the copy from a recurrent real estate ad in the *Times*, promoting a subdivision on Wickapecko Drive in West Allenhurst, New Jersey. "Through all your years of achievement, you've known that some day a residence as uncompromising as your standards would be envisioned. And so it has at Milwin Farm. Milwin Farm exemplifies that which you seek in quality and tradition. A setting that rivals the Normandy coast of France. Patrician dwellings designed by master architect Robert A.M. Stern. Milwin Farm is a reflection of your accomplishments. An eloquent expression of your position in life."

Bob Stern. Bo Bern. Banana Fana. Fo Fern. Fee Fi. Mo Mern. What is it about a name? In this ad, "Stern" represents an islet of specificity in a maelstrom of hype. It's meant to assure that these million-dollar tract houses, er, dwellings, are patrician as all get-out. To compensate for the troubling Our Crowd character of the "Stern," there's the impressive inscription of the "A.M." It's a familiar architectural strategy: the occlusive formula, vowel + *M*. Think of I. M. Pei. "A.M." also adds an implicitly Latinate, classicizing tone ("ante meridiem"), even as it invokes the morning and a man ready to confront it—the Protestant work ethic spelled out. And in its literal elongation of Stern's presence on the page, who knows what satisfactions this pair of letters may offer to an architect who, as PBS viewers know, is smallish.

But these attenuations do not suffice. It isn't simply Stern we confront in the ad, but "master architect" (M.A., the invert of A.M.) Stern. This serves to distinguish the mini-château sketched at the top of the ad from the otherwise indistinguishable parvenu palazzi elsewhere on the page. It also sets off the little master from lesser lights. From, for example, the thrice-named James Stewart Polshek, who is described in promotional copy for his Delafield Estates (prices "as low as $595,000"—but, then again, these are merely "homes") as a "celebrated architect . . . Dean of Architecture at Columbia University." How this must gall Stern: sure, *mastery* should beat out *celebrity*, but then there's that deanship, signifying Polshek's mastery over Stern, who is merely Professor at Columbia, though his covetous eye has long rested on Polshek's chair.

Even more frustrating to Stern must be his almost total absence from ads for another of his rustic productions, St. Andrews. Here, a photograph of one of the gabled "townhomes" appears with an inset photograph of . . . Jack Nicklaus. The juxtaposition is rich with the imputation of authorship, and indeed, "Jack" has redesigned the historic golf course nearby. The point, though, is that the Golden Bear is present as an aura, not an author. Clearly his image (not to mention his person) looms far larger than Stern's in the public imagination: we're a culture that esteems the manly control of small balls above almost all else. But smiling Jack offers an additional imprimatur. I'm reminded of a joke about the man who's made a fortune on Seventh Avenue and decides to move from West End Avenue to Fairfield. It's time, he tells his wife, to trade in the Rubens for a Goya, if you get my drift.

Celebrated Dean Polshek has also suffered in the compromised-luster department lately. I couldn't help noticing that the sign advertising the building he designed on Sixth Avenue

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in the Village gave him equal billing with Andrée Putman, the dreadful Parisian decorator who did the model apartments—and, indeed, who seems to have done the model apartment in every new luxury building in town. Putman, of course, doesn't really need to *produce* anything, being herself glamorous: Lillian Hellmanesque wrinkles, voice from the throat (or the crypt), slathered in Kenzo, visible through a toxic Gitanes fog, New York's most superannuated disco chicken. Her actual decorating palette is as minuscule as it is photogenic. A black-and-white checked floor, an Eileen Gray settee (Putman made her killing buying up the rights and reproducing the furniture of deceased modernists), a stainless knickknack or two and just a soupçon of Zolatone. Her only design innovation to date was the placement of little glass shelves at nose level in the guest bathrooms at Morgans. Then again, perhaps this was the inspiration of the ex-con owner.

Putman is the Tiffany box incarnate, the perfect package, never mind that it's empty. Even better, since she decorates with the sort of modern materials that architects haven't quite relinquished, she appears, by inference, to actually be designing. Having dotted the *i*, she's treated as if she's written the whole book. The science of shopping triumphs again. While developers scramble to put Putman in their places, we await the man or woman who will put Putman in hers. ☽

MAKING THE SHOW-OFFS SMART

by Michèle Bennett

REVIEW OF REVIEWERS

THE BULLYING MALEVOLENCE of John Simon, *New York* magazine's theater critic, is well known. The unkind personal attacks on actors, the insulting attitude toward homosexuals, have revealed the character of the man. At times, too oftentimes, it is as if he hates theater, hates his job, hates everything, except himself. Yet the feeling persists that in spite of his flaws and moral lapses, Mr. Simon is still a brilliant mind. In his way, he is the Chief Justice Rehnquist of drama criticism.

Still, he has been in a charitable mood of late. "I laughed like a third-former," he writes of the English toilet-humor specialist Rowan Atkinson. You would have to possess a third-former mentality to find Rowan Atkinson funny, but that isn't quite the point. "I beg your indulgence if I overuse words like 'adorable' in this review of *You Never Can Tell*," Simon writes in another critique. "Shaw numbered it among his Plays Pleasant, but this is an understatement; it is a Play Delicious, a Play Exquisite, a Play Adorable. (I won't say it again, I promise.)"

Brilliant mind? Simon is revealing an unexpected side of himself. He is a man with a juvenile sense of humor prone to attacks of the cutes. (I won't say it again, I promise.) But what he consistently takes pride in is his use of words. He is a Guardian of the English Language. Here he is, then, on the performers in *Mummenschanz*, whose fantastic abstract shapes, he observes in his brilliant way, are "filled with prankishly prancing life."

What kind of life? "They come to life variously: by meiosis or mitosis, parthenogenesis or copulation . . . animism or anthropomorphism. . . . Sometimes, conversely, it is a process of reification. . . ." All of which is phooey. I don't know about the readers of *New York*, but it certainly surprises me that the performers in *Mummenschanz* are, it seems, masters of meiosis ("a phase of nuclear change in germ cells," according to the *Oxford Concise Dictionary*), or mitosis (a "process of division of a cell into minute threads").

The reviewer's weighty words are inappropriate to the joyful little show being reviewed. They create the impression of writerly brilliance, but they are evidence only of a pretentious form of word flashing, or the obsessive use of a well-thumbed thesaurus. Little wonder Simon complains irritably that "every parent" watching the show could be heard explaining to "every child": "It is whatever your imagination tells you it is; if you think it's a spider, it's a spider." What would he have them say—"Shut up, child, and enjoy the meiosis and mitosis"?

"But, then," Simon adds, "I get impatient with much of our abstract art too." And that's the smoking gun. John Simon is not a "brilliant mind." He has an extremely limited mind. Whatever his flaws, glaring enough, he possesses a narrow, literal sensibility. He cannot respond genuinely to *Mummenschanz* because he cannot respond to "abstract art." It is why the whole of the modern movement in drama, from Peter Brook to Robert Wilson to Martha Clarke, is closed to him, and why the innovatory work of such directors is consistently dismissed by him. Because he is blinkered. It is not just that Simon reveals himself to be an unpleasant personality with an affected style. It is that at center he possesses the worst of all things for a critic—a closed mind.

Apart from that, it's been lively business as usual this month. Personality Tama Janowitz kindly pointed out in her book-reportish *Times* review of *Group Sex* by Ann Arensberg, a 1981 American Book Award winner, that "she now proves that she also has a talent for entertainment and wit. I look forward to reading more of her work." Jack Anderson of the *Times* came up with a similarly simple-minded approach when reviewing a documentary about choreographer Mark Morris: "There is surely something here to please almost everyone. There may also be something to exasperate everyone. And what may delight one viewer may annoy another." That about covers it.

In the Sunday *Times*'s About Books column, Anatole Broyard offered his customary incomprehensible Broyard bromide: "In describing Miss Murdoch's characters, Mr. Conradi evokes what seems to be another, superior species, plump with quiddity or whatness, more *ontological* as he would say than their American counterparts."

Whatness was that again? Speaking of quiddity, *New York* magazine's David Denby is at it again, making the mundane seem magical. "Normally the tracking shot resists irony," he says in his review of Tarkovsky's *The Sacrifice*. "It confirms that things are what they are. And sometimes it breaks your heart just to see that a house with a garden lies at the edge of a field, and that beyond the field lies the woods, and that a small child can walk out of the house, through the garden, and across the field." It breaks our heart too, to see that this man without skin, this sensitive Wordsworthian soul, has to sit in front of an electronic screen attached to a word processor in a musty office and turn out these earnest banalities every week.

GQ's new prize of a movie reviewer, Kenneth Turan, seemed to like Bertrand Tavernier's *Round Midnight*, but he got all mixed up trying to figure out what he liked about it: "If you fancy the music, this will be an easy sell, but *Round Midnight*'s charm is for those who think they don't, because seeing it will make them wonder why."

We are delighted to note that a man named Robert T. Bakker has written a book claiming that dinosaurs were lithe and smart, not dimwitted, sluggish hulks sloshing around in primordial ooze. Reviewing this book in the *Times*'s Book Review, John Noble Wilford wrote, "His writing is as sprightly as the agile dinosaurs of his theory."

If only the sprightliness of dinosaurs had been in a recent long, long music column by Edward W. Said in *The Nation*. A little overexcitedly, the complicated Said says, "[Richard Strauss's *Helena*] belongs with the group formed by *Ariadne*, *Daphne* and *Danae*, operas whose subject matter is classical myth treated either as commentary on aesthetic problems of interest to Strauss and von Hofmannsthal,

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or as an elucidation of domestic paradoxes which exposes the instability of sexual as well as social identity."

It comes as a relief when critics abandon criticism and give us plain, rock-'em-sock-'em news. John Rockwell of the *Times* described how threats of violence "put an electric charge in the air" at a performance of the Moscow State Symphony: "The half-hour delay caused by the stringent security set up a nervous anticipation unrelated to the musical occasion." A few pages later Donal Henahan reviewed the "particularly bruising" opening-night performance of *Tosca*, during which "the Hungarian soprano [Eva Marton] caught an elbow in the jaw during her simulated struggle with the villainous Scarpia, her would-be rapist. . . . During the intermission word came from backstage that Miss Marton had suffered a dislocated jaw."

Other critics, unfortunately, have been going in for the scatological. Indeed, they seem fascinated with corporeal emissions. Discussing *Peggy Sue Got Married*, the venerable Pauline Kael, in the venerable *New Yorker*, "came away with the feeling that Coppola took on a piece of crap thinking he could do something with it, and when he discovered he couldn't it turned into sad crap." Likewise, in *Esquire* John Gregory Dunne reported that his initial reaction after reading the libelous *Time* story on Ariel Sharon was as follows: "Now: I am an old *Time* writer and my shit detector went off immediately." One wonders how his shit detector would have responded to James "Lollipop" Atlas's blurb on Pat Conroy in *Vanity Fair*: "In his speech at the last meeting of the A.B.A., Conroy complained, 'Now I have grown very tired of being a literary wee-wee.' You ain't no wee-wee, boy," Atlas reassures. "You're in the Big Time now."

Paul Attanasio, the overconfident film critic of *The Washington Post*, is presumably in the Big Time, too. After all, *GQ* chose him, along with Ron Reagan Jr. and Bill Blass, to give the last word on "Worrying About Age." Grinning from a sepia-toned page, the baby-fatted 27-year-old muses, "Life is decay. There's just nothing you can do. I mean, how do you exercise your prostate? It's a time bomb in men, just sitting there waiting to disintegrate, or blow up like a potato and harden, or whatever."

Two of Attanasio's peers, Rex Reed and Bill Harris of *At the Movies*, indulged in some juvenilia this month, too. Consider the following televised polemic:

Reed: "*Clockwise* fell asleep on its feet."

Harris: "I fell asleep on a different part of my anatomy, and it's still a little numb!"

One movie reviewer above all others, however, is a specialist in anatomical obsession. David Edelstein of *The Village Voice* never fails to titillate, or rather to be titillated. His recent horror roundup offered the usual insights: "[*From Beyond*] concerns a scientist . . . and his young assistant, Crawford Tillinghast, [who] . . . create a 'resonator' whose rays stimulate the pineal gland in the human brain. This gland, with repeated exposure to the pinkish rays, emerges from the forehead as a combination phallus and periscope, and provides its owner with a vision of a different, concurrent universe, heavily laced with human and inhuman sexuality."

He continues: "There is, however, the impudently sexual Crampton, whose soul seems to blossom as her copious breasts are unharnessed . . . ravenous female sexuality poised to swoop down on the helpless infant male." And finally: "Do you, my dear readers, begrudge me the worship of this movie?" After all, concludes the helpless infant male critic, "behind what we see in life peer hints of a truth a thousandfold more hideous."

Enough.

LAST WORDS OF A YELL KING

by Scott Cohen

ART

YOU KNOW HOW crowds at concerts and sports events sometimes start moving in great, synchronized waves? According to the late Lindley Bothwell, volunteer coach of the University of Southern California Song Girls and Yell Leaders for the last 60 years, that benign mob movement is not spontaneous at all. According to Bothwell, he invented the wave. Indeed, crowds were Bothwell's medium. He also invented the card stunts you see at college football games, where orchestrated spectators use hand-held cards to form intricate words and pictures that move. Mr. B., as he was known, was a surfer and race car driver as well. He died last summer.

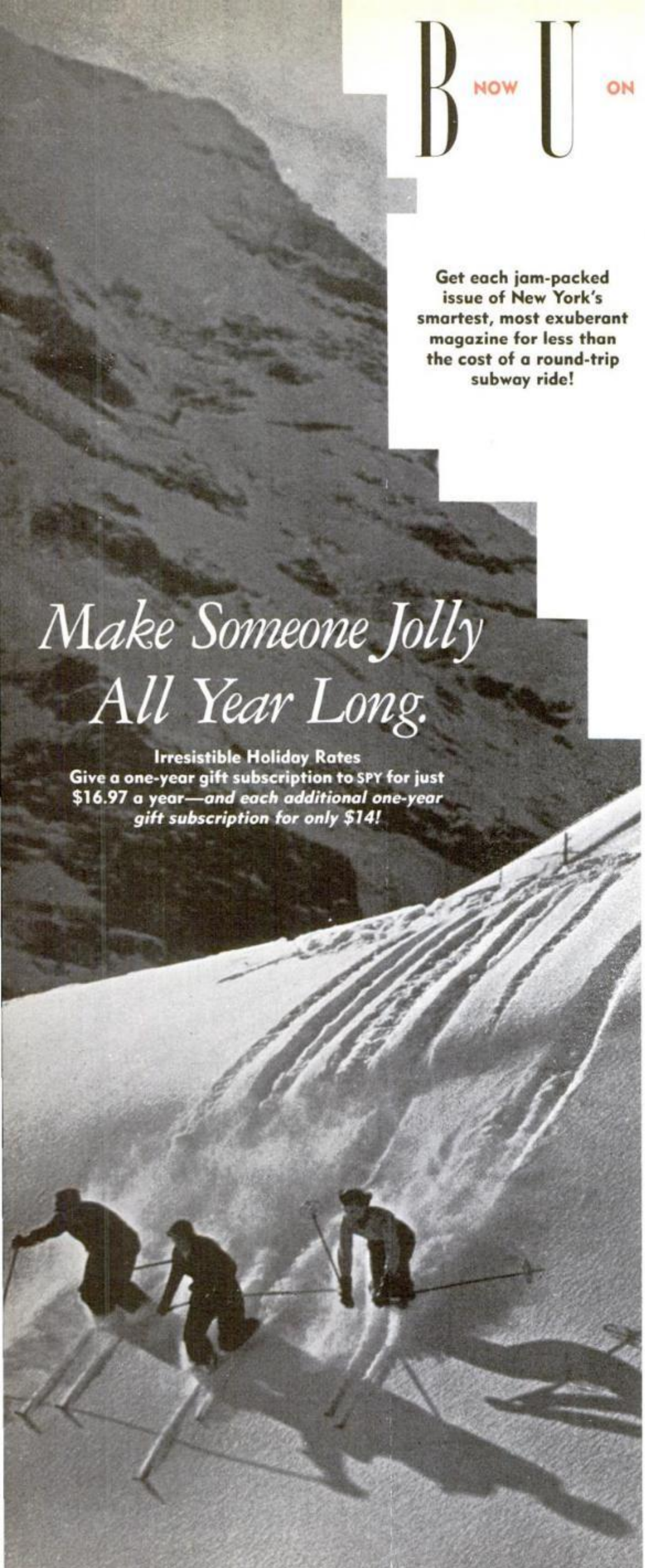
"I started automated card stunts in 1921, when I was what they called the Yell King, the head cheerleader, at USC. Before that they simply held up cards in the stands to form an *S* and a *C* and then put them down. I made the letters move. We would spell TROJAN. One letter would turn over, then the next, until the entire word rolled across the stands. From USC, I went up to the School of Agriculture at Oregon State University. I started up there with a picture of a big black beaver, the team mascot, and had the beaver lift its tail and smash a big *O*. Then we added a coffin, and a bolt of lightning would hit the coffin and blow it up. We did all this with 11-inch-by-14-inch cards made of cardboard.

"The way we'd do it was, we'd take a whole section of, say, one thousand cards, one color on one side and another color on the other. Instructions on the back of the seat in front of you would tell you what to do. For instance, you held up a green card when stunt number one was called. The green would be to the audience. Everyone with a green card tacked to the back of the seat in front of him held up a green card, forming the word or the picture you wanted.

"I did not have a background in art or math. I'm not a particularly good drawer, but you don't need to be one to do it. I knew what a beaver looked like, and I just drew it. First I plotted it out on graph paper. That's what made it easy. The rooting section was maybe 35 squares one way and 50 the other, or whatever the seating capacity was. What you do is, you draw the beaver on the graph paper and mark off the squares you want to be colored in. With the Trojan horse you mark off the type horse you want: the horse with four legs up in the air, just standing, or whatever. I had a horse rear up and kick a big *S* out of the stands.

"I was on the 1984 Olympic card committee until they realized they couldn't use the 4,000 cards they thought they'd use. I had a plan which started with 4,000 seats that would flash out 200—USA—200 YEARS OF PROGRESS. That would go out and the first thing we would have on cards would be the Fife and Drum Corps—the little boy and two grown men. We were going to have them march across the platform to some music. Then we were going to have a tremendous picture of Abraham Lincoln, with the words

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ALL MEN ARE CREATED EQUAL. Then we were going to have Kitty Hawk, with the first airplane flying across the stands, followed by a man flying today in a satellite, but we couldn't use the 4,000 seats for cardholders because, at $200 a seat, you'd lose a lot of money.

"I don't know if I could have been a professional animator. I know I wouldn't want to have been, because then it would be work. I love farming. I've raised citrus all my life. I've been doing the card stunts for the last 40 years. Are the card stunts an art form? Nobody has ever said anything like that, and I never figured that they were." ☮

HOW HIPSTERS LIKE MOVIES

by Bruce Handy

MOVIES

CONSIDER THE FOLlowing discussion of a recent Oscar winner:

He: "Did you see William Hurt on the cover of *Esquire*?"

She: "Oh, puh-*leez*." (*Pantomimes bulimic episode*.)

This is how people talk about the movies today, and the key, as always, is attitude—more precisely, the correct attitude, which is entirely different from having an opinion. Opinion is small, finite, defensible. Attitude is expansive and fluid; it is Ronald Reagan to opinion's Jimmy Carter.

When people batten down the hatches for a rousing discussion of the cinema, the goodness or badness of a given film or performer is irrelevant. Movie X may be the second coming of *The Birth of a Nation*, but if it is perceived to be the kind of picture only a goatherd could love, no one—excepting a child or the odd buffoon who wishes to cultivate a goatherdish image—will have anything friendly to say about Movie X.

Forget mise-en-scène. These are the kinds of questions the prudent cineast must ponder: What does liking this film say about *me*? Would Brooke Astor like this film? Would Mark Gastineau? Since most New Yorkers seem to aspire to liking the kinds of films Holden Caulfield would like if he were 26, practiced entertainment law and lived on Rivington Street, this is the audience I will address.

What sort of movie would an *Über*-Caulfield enjoy?

Utter hipness is an amorphous, insidious gray area where even the slightest wrong *mot* can draw a fatal sniff of derision, where standards are etched in pudding and tastemakers adopt and abandon assumptions with wanton rapidity. (If attitude could be easily codified, *Details* would be a page and a half long.) Nonetheless, there are a few indispensable rules:

1) *It is almost never okay to like a movie Jeffrey Lyons likes.* There are exceptions—after all, good movies with wide appeal do exist, and even tweedy gits like them. But tread carefully. Everybody loved *Aliens*, but the reason it was *cool* to like it was because director James Cameron's carryover cachet from *The Terminator* was enough to overcome the slightly negative effects of Sigourney Weaver's popular designation as "the thinking man's bombshell." (It is never okay to like the thinking man's anything, because *thinking man* is a euphemism for Andy Rooney.)

2) *It's occasionally okay to like a movie Vincent Canby likes, but you'd better have different reasons.* Reading Canby can be a lot like watching Peter Sellers play a hippie in a sixties farce: he may be a stiff, but he tries real hard to catch on to what's with it, and once in a while he does (although he's useless on comedies). Besides that, he's first, and you can count on everybody having read him—he sets the table, to borrow from baseball vernacular. The time between Canby's review and Pauline Kael's is attitude's window of vulnerability.

3) *It's good to have Pauline Kael's opinion before she does.* Kael, of course, is an unswerving follower of Rule 1, often mocking films with the very hosannas of the TV critics. She bears watching as a reliable attitude barometer, but with this caveat: there is no honor in having Kael's opinion after she's had it—everybody knows you're copying. The trick is this: wait for her review to come out and then proclaim to anyone who will listen, "Boy, Pauline really backed me up on *Pee-Wee* [or *Back to School*, or whatever]."

4) *It is almost never okay to like a movie with a point.* These are movies that garner multiple Oscar nominations and spur TV critics like Lyons to such reductionisms as "I cried" and "Go see this movie." Some stars have become so identified with this genre that their names at the top of a full-page ad in the Arts and Leisure section should automatically elicit snorts of knowing disgust—Sissy Spacek and Jack Lemmon, for example. Of course, most people like movies to have points, but most people don't like to be thought of as most people.

5) *You can never go wrong professing wry affection for out-and-out crud.* While most people have bad taste, only the smart set has *aggressively* bad taste. Therein lies the subtle distinction that separates a *Rocky* from a *Rocky IV*—a calculating piece of genre fluff (bad bad) vs. a stunning achievement in obviousness (good bad). In the sixties this inverted value system was known as camp. Today, shorn of irony, it is the political philosophy that governs the mightiest nation on earth.

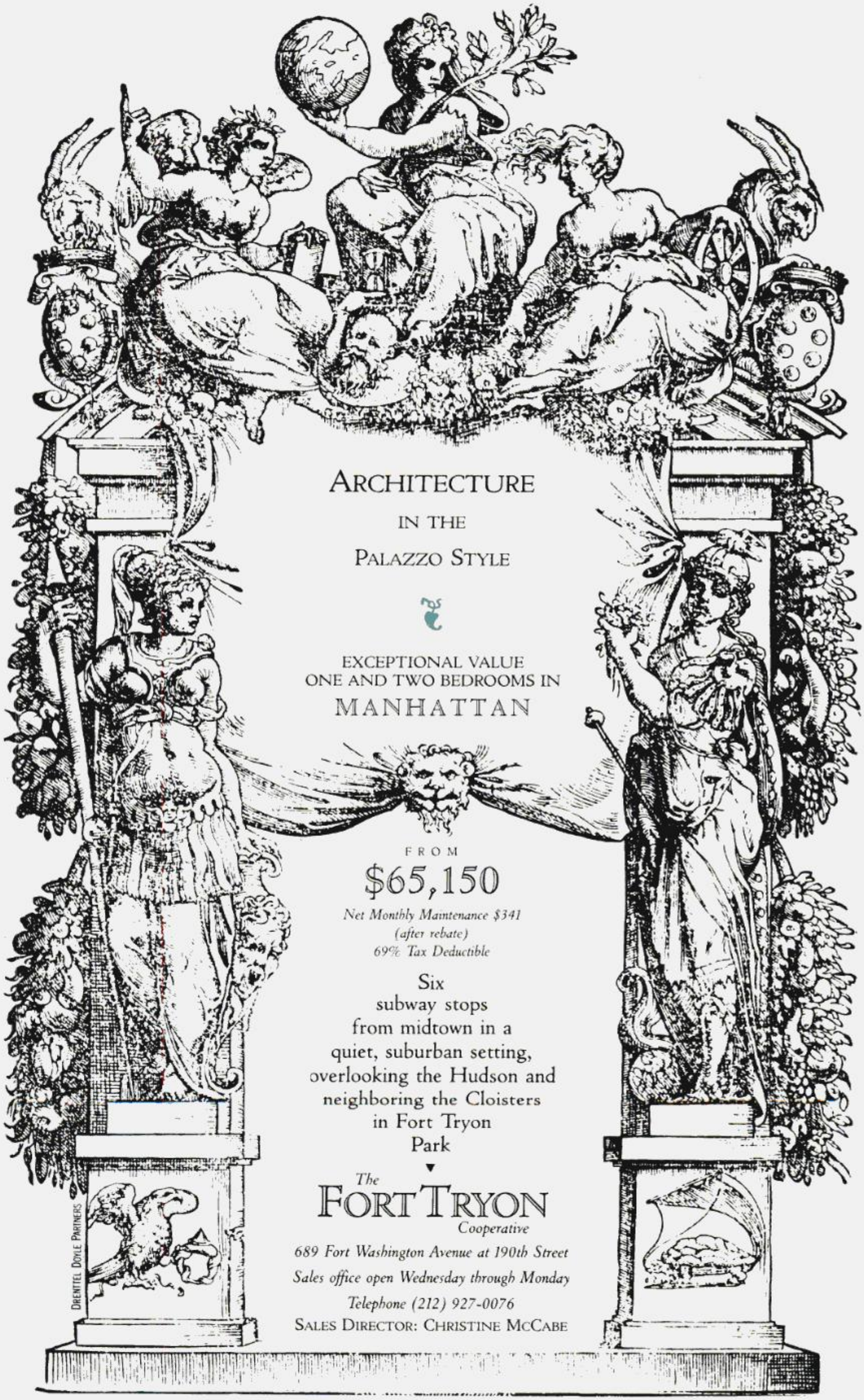
6) *Anything that plays at the Lincoln Plaza Cinemas for more than two weeks automatically qualifies as hopelessly middlebrow.* Art films can be treacherous territory for the uninformed: it's social death to be perceived as the type of smug bourgeois who lives for Isabelle Huppert movies. A rule of thumb: *Romance languages, no; Slavic languages, yes.* On the other hand, you mustn't fall into the trap of professing tastes so esoteric as to brand you a Ph.D. candidate in film criticism. Another rule of thumb: *16mm, OK; Super 8, NG.*

7) *Backlash is inevitable.* This is the unified field theory of attitude. Who's the coolest filmmaker right now? Jim Jarmusch? That's his death sentence, because eventually everybody winds up on the ash heap of pooh-poohery—*everybody*, the bigger the sooner. For example, after its first screenings, Woody Allen's *Hannah and Her Sisters* piled up the encomiums until critical mass was reached with "the greatest American film of the eighties." Then *boom*: it was "just a *Manhattan* retread" time, and knocking the Woodman became the attitude equivalent of having a pulse rate—all this before the film had played a full week.

8) *The best thing to do is hate movies just before everyone else does and adore them just as presciently, even if this means "rediscovering" Can't Stop the Music in another five years or so.*

9) *Cultivate the "wrong" opinion.* Strategic boners serve to prove your iconoclasm and ruffle your peers, keeping them honest. Champion the unchampionable, fathom the unfathomable. "I just can't help it," you say, in a tone that broaches no argument, "I think Charles Grodin is to die for." But what you really mean is, "Deconstruct that, pal." ☮

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PRETTY JUNK FOOD WITH SUGAR ON TOP

by Ann Hodgman

CHRISTMAS IS COMING,
The goose is getting fat,
Let's smoke him and put him in a gift basket,
along with a bag of pancake mix,
and some strawberry bonbons . . .

EATING is how I think that old carol went. Thanksgiving's dull menu—its sole colors brown and beige, its sole texture softness, a meal fit only for toothless, color-blind Puritans—is safely behind us. It's time to start thinking about *real* holiday food, the food of Christ and Dickens, and the best place to find it is in the Christmas food catalogs.

What should we look for in a food catalog? Prose so delicious that it makes you want to eat the catalog itself; pictures that look like brandy ads; and, sprinkled over everything, the Christmas elixir: one-third Merrie Olde England, one-third Bethlehem, one-third Santa Claus. Your greed and your piety should be stimulated equally as you read.

"'Soup and Crackers All Winter' Gift Plan," drones the Pepperidge Farm catalog, thus becoming the first of the batch to fail all of these requirements. To Pepperidge Farm, soup and Yuletide are a natural pair. Christmas can go right on through March if you join their soup-of-the-month club—and you'll get a membership card too. But if that's too festive for you, you could order the Yard of Soup, the Soup and Mugs, or the Super Schooner Chest of Soup, "twenty-four cans of twenty-three different varieties." I don't want to tell these people how to do their job, but it does seem that they could have thought of just *one more* variety.

The Pepperidge Farm catalog also spotlights two nasty trends that are somehow becoming an essential part of the American Christmas process. The first of these is cheap foods blown up to huge size—the one-pound Giant Peanut Butter Cup, for example. The second is cheap foods sold in huge quantities, such as their Four Gallon Trio Tin of popcorn. You can tell that it was hard for the copywriters to think of much to say about that one. "Pop, pop, popcorn . . . everyone's favorite munchable," they began bravely, but then they decided to concentrate on the packaging. "After the popcorn's gone, the reusable gooseberry gift tin will be enjoyed, remembered and appreciated."

It's wild birds on the Hickory Farms popcorn can, "a gift tin that doubles as a beautiful cannister after the holidays." A *tin* doubling as a *canister*? But Hickory Farms doesn't care about its popcorn so much. What these people want you to buy is Beef Stick—Beef Stick and cheese. Now, how to make sandwich fillings sound Christmassy? Well, you can summon up the Ghost of Christmas Past: "In old Bavaria, cooking was an art, flavors were given time to mingle and evolve." Or you can dodge the question by dazzling your reader with all the prizes you've won: "Why settle for just one award-winning taste when you can have a whole selection?" "Two top award-winning tastes . . ." "Our award-winning Smoky Bar . . ." "Our award-winning Mini Swiss . . ." "These award-winning cold pack cheese spreads . . ." "Creating an award-winning spreadable cheese is a fine art." One entry is simply titled "Award Winners."

Let's have some pears with all this cheese. Who's better, Harry and David or Pinnacle Orchards? Well, Harry and David are certainly better liars. "Truffles so exquisitely rich, so impossibly delicious, that the Swiss Chocolate Cartel ordered a special task force to 'Match them or else!'" (I was so moved by this description that I actually ordered a box of the truffles. Now I know that none of the sentence is true.) These precursors to Bartles & Jaymes are also the creators of the Fruit-of-the-Month Club, one of the world's most provocative ideas. You don't want to join, but don't you wish someone would give you a membership? Once my family got some of the grapefruits (March), but we felt guilty about it. The only fruit you're really supposed to order by mail is pears.

But Harry and David have almost forgotten about pears. They sell too many new, false foods now: baklava and Pineapple Macadamia Nut Cake and The Collected Cookies of Harry and David and Grasshopper Cheesecake. Let's vote for Pinnacle Orchards instead.



For one thing, this year's Pinnacle catalog, *The Pinnacle Collection*, has the nicest cover of the lot: a photograph of one perfect pear against a black background. For another thing, Pinnacle's struggle to diversify is touching. How they wish they could get out from under all those pears and turn into Harry and David, and how tentative their efforts to do it! Dearest of all is one sad little gift basket. "We looked far and wide for a suitable combination of luscious fruit to add to our famous Comice Christmas Pears and what did we find after a long and dilligent [*sic*] search but delicate, exotic Kiwi." Kiwi! In 1986!

Does anyone except my sister really like fruitcake? The catalogs are divided on the matter of which is worse, the batter or the fruit. Harry and David offers a cake with "just enough golden batter to hold it together." Sunnyland Farms' Pecans Plain & Fancy, on the other hand, is proud of its batter, with "Jean's 'secret weapon,' pure grape juice!" (This catalog is also memorable for a photo of a dour-looking employee with the caption, "At this time Richard Grebel begins scouting for pests.") Hickory Farms tries to solve the problem by getting us drunk on its Heavily Brandied Dark Fruit Cake, while Mary of Puddin Hill ends a delectable description on a rather muted note: "Make your holiday traditions really special with a cake we're confident you'll enjoy."

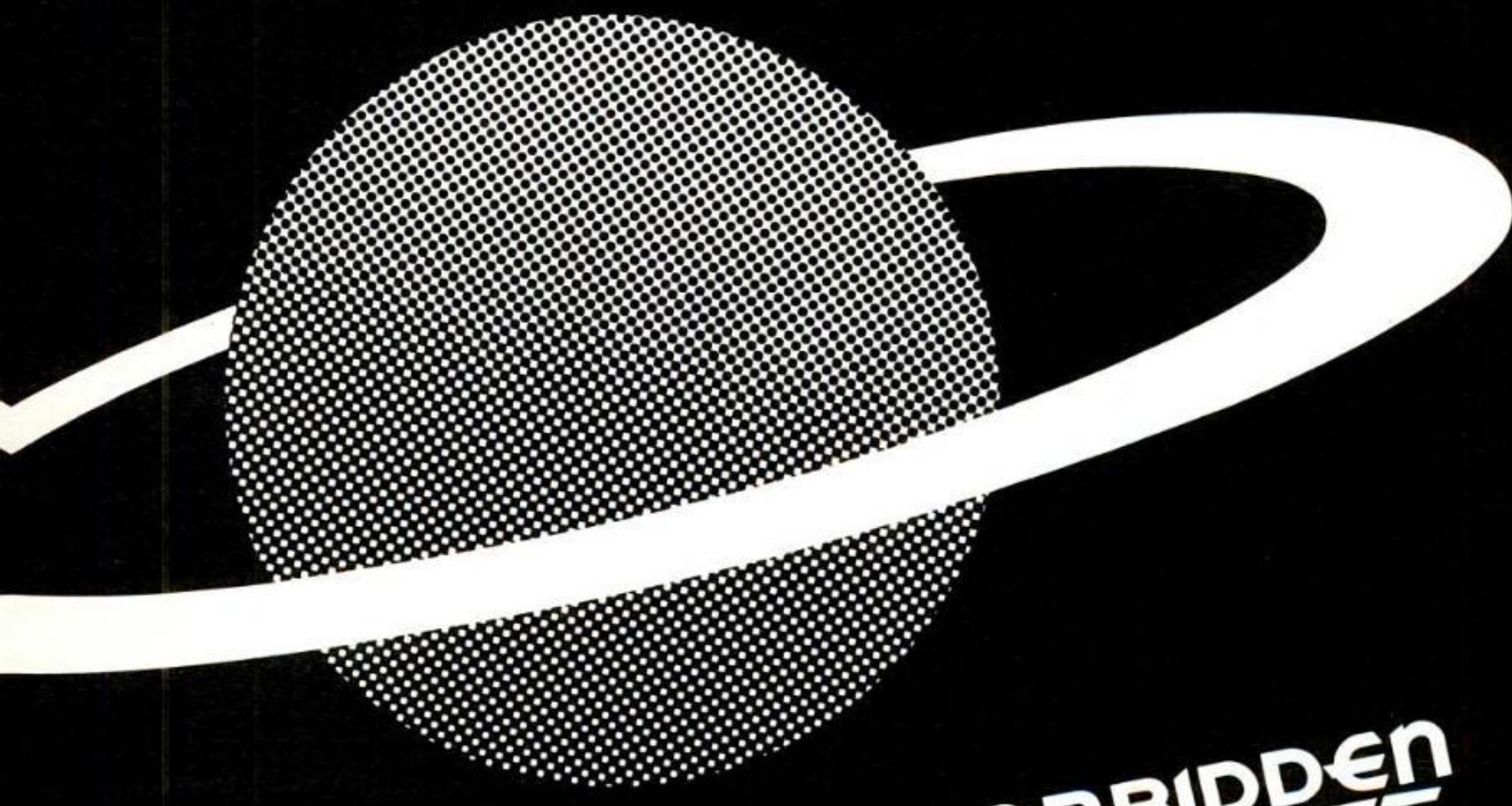
Such caution is unusual in the Mary of Puddin Hill pages. Mary Horton Lauderdale knows what we like: sugar and fat. And she will stop at nothing to get them to us.

There are real glories in Mary's catalog, and some very fancy writing. She describes her Texas Toffee Break as "bite-size pieces of toffee that . . . when served . . . are guaranteed to bring toffee lovers running from every direction," a side effect that sounds vaguely menacing. Even better than the served toffees is a tray of miniature fruitcakes that she's gone right ahead and called Little Puds. She even sells an assortment called Little Puds 'n Roasted Mixed Nuts!

But I'm sure she didn't mean anything by it. There's no room in her imagination for anything but desserts—and to Mary's way of thinking, there's no dessert in the world that wouldn't be improved by five times more sweetening. If Oreos are good, then milk-chocolate-dipped Oreos (which she calls Ooooz) are better, and white-chocolate-dipped Oreos (Ahhhz) are better still; best of all is a gift box of Ooooz, Ahhhz and—to

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clear the palate—pralines. Regular pecan pie is just too bitter for Mary. She's improved it by replacing the pie filling with caramel. And fruitcake doesn't excite her nearly as much as Thingamajigs Cake, which manages to combine all her favorites: a white-chocolate and butter cake topped with a layer of caramel, a layer of pecans and a layer of *icing*.

But you still haven't tried her Cotton Bolls, this year's real award winners. I'll let Mary tell you about them herself:

As a child I remember the cotton fields around Greenville in late summer. . . . I can close my eyes and recall sounds from the largest inland cotton compress in the world and smell the sweet cotton-oil aroma coming from the roasting mills. From this East Texas tradition comes one of Puddin Hill's most unusual and delicious confections: one pound of sweet morsels of white chocolate and fresh roasted cotton seeds.

Nope. Bring on the figgy pudding. ☞

THE LAST WORKING STIFF

by Ellis Weiner



HOW TO BE A GROWN-UP

EVER SINCE THE landlord evicted Adam and Eve from the Garden of Eden for violating the terms of the lease, we are told, man and his girlfriend have had to make a living. Interaction with nature to provide adequate sustenance for survival is supposedly the one universal, pan-cultural, trans-historical fact of human reality. Admittedly, there are those times of frustration or fatigue, when Having to Go to Work seems an unnecessary, imposed thing—a swindle foisted on us by malign forces. One is tempted to blame it all on capitalism, or Ronald Reagan, or Donald Trump, or Ronald McDonald, or someone else. And, for a few irresponsible minutes, one does so. In fact, I'm doing so right now: for the past half hour I have been blaming all my work-related problems (not that I have any) on Ronald Reagan, Ronald McDonald, MacDonald Carey, Carrie Fisher, Eddie Fisher, Nelson Fisher, Nelson Eddy and Jeanette MacDonald. You don't know who "Nelson Fisher" is. I made him up.

Ultimately, though, good sense intervenes, mature reflection triumphs over childish pique, and one thinks, *Wait a minute. It's not their fault.* The need to make a living, one remembers, is to human existence what gravity is to material existence: an inflexible law, an inescapable condition of being.

Thus on the one hand. On the other hand, baloney. If being a grown-up means anything, it means knowing two things: one, that *everyone in the world must make a living in order to survive* and, two, that *no one in New York has to except you*. Everyone else, with the exception of a few untold millions of poor people and some young professionals we're all tired of sneering at, has a trust fund or a rich husband. Some, mostly women, have both.

If not a trust fund, these people have a "subsidy from Grandfather's estate," or a "stipend," or a "big hunk of dough when I turn 21." "Money" is something they simply "have." When A asks of B, incredulously, "How the hell can he afford to buy that co-op/travel around the world/order appetizers in restaurants?" and C answers, "He has money," it is supposed to explain everything, and does.

We are not discussing here the phenomenon of "Eurotrash," a thrillingly contemptuous term that I've been dying to have occasion to use, in a meaningful sentence, in public. So far the occasion simply hasn't arisen, and I've been left mumbling contrived, halfhearted efforts such as "Jack saw the Eurotrash." Actually, I'm not sure I know what the word means, and who or what Eurotrash really are or is. Are they the Beautiful People, or their children? Do they do anything, or just go to nightclubs and be marvelous?

In any case, Eurotrash are irrelevant to the present discussion. The subject at hand is people born here, and who give every outward appearance of being respectable, decent, American Express–bill–fearing Americans.

This appearance, no matter how convincing, is fraudulent and mendacious. They do not, in fact, fear their American Express bills. They welcome them. With every bill comes an opportunity to buy, with gay abandon, all the Biedermeier Regulator Clocks and Executive Precision Desk Barometers advertised on those irritating pamphlets that accompany the invoice and drive up the cost of each mailing, prompting American Express to hike its yearly membership fee and thereby make life for the rest of us a living heck. These individuals, either by birth or marriage, have acquired trust fund wings, which permit them to defy the law of economic gravity that rules everyone else. They are Ameritrash. One might say that they have made of New York an Ameritrashocracy, if it weren't so hard to pronounce.

Such people are on display, weekly, in the Living and Home sections of *The New York Times*, the disparity between their probable incomes and their obvious opulence discreetly ignored. "Giselle, a freelance Egyptologist, lives with her husband, David, a collector of bassoons, and their six-year-old son, Hosea, in a sensitively restored blimp hangar near Lakehurst, which they bought in 1982 for $1 billion. 'We wanted a place where our son could work on his full-size replica of the aircraft carrier *Ticonderoga*,' notes Giselle. 'Evan [the architect who designed and supervised the refurbishment, who netted $2,000 for six months of work and has eaten nothing but cheese sandwiches for lunch for the past eight years] was responsive to our needs and kept the cost under $17 a square inch.'"

"Fine," the stoic grown-up shrugs. "So they've got an unlimited supply of free money for life. At least I have a job. I'll be all right."

O brave, foolish grown-up! Ameritrash think nothing of applying for positions, auditioning for parts or seeking commissions, for the sake of mere careerism, that others, not so amply underwritten, need in order to buy bread. The next time the Met has an opening for a freelance Egyptologist and you get up early, have a big breakfast, execute a scrupulous toilet, don your best clothes and show up for the interview full of beans and optimism, whom shall you encounter in the reception area, smiling stiffly? Giselle.

"Oh," she assuredly will not say, "I didn't know you wanted the job. Here. Take it."

Faced with the phenomenon of Ameritrash, the grown-up is tempted to wonder: What happened to the whole all-men-are-created-equal deal? And how am I to react? Do I stalk the streets at dawn, ripping out what remains of my hair and uttering strangled cries of anguish and envy? Or do I abandon inhibition and give vent to my true feelings? The grown-up is tempted, but he refrains. Why? Because he is a grown-up.

Meanwhile, I expect, someone will write in with the standard admonition, "Stop bitching. The world doesn't owe you or anybody ☞

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UN-BRITISH CROSSWORD ANSWERS

"Please, from here on in," writes reader Rochelle Larkin, "don't give the answers in the same issue. It's simply too tempting to look." Well, I know. Since almost anything that is tempting at all is too tempting—by far—for me, I sympathize. But the feeling among the editors of SPY (who do, then, have some feeling) is that a month is too long for today's hell-bent fast-track reader to wait for answers. After 30 days, that reader (not to mention the editors of SPY) may not even be the same person. To expect that reader (let us call him or her Dale, so we won't have to keep saying "he or she") to remember what Dale (or whatever his or her name was back then) was doing with a pencil so many days and nights and disinformation crises ago is . . . what were we talking about? Chances are it doesn't matter, as long as we are strong. Bite the bullet. Count to 10. Take a cold shower. Think of England. Don't peek too soon. — *R.B.*

ACROSS

1. A couch potato is someone who gives over the bulk of his or her waking hours to television watching. An ocarina is also called a sweet potato. If you didn't know that, it's because you watch too much television.

10. This is not a reference to the 1986 California Angels, for whom I had a certain fondness because they were my age.

11. In point of scientific fact, an igloo is *warm*, because of the blocks around, but if you think you're going to get absolute educational precision.... Inside! A pig's eye!

20. Hey, come on, Witolcj! Can't we kid?

23. To evince is to come out with. In the past tense, it's Ed holding Vince.

25. *Cloacal*—you could look this up yourself, you know—means "pertaining to the sewer."

28. *Said to be* denotes homonymy: "free bees."

DOWN

1. A toot is a drunk that you can go on. (That's all we have to go on right now.) A patootie—I'm not going to sit here in front of all these people and define *patootie* for you.

2. Of the two hands employed in gripping a baseball bat, the top one controls where the bat goes more than the bottom one, which is more responsible for puissance. It has been objected that the Un-British Crossword has too many sport references. But then how many puzzles provide not only explanations, but explanations with *puissance* in them?

7. An ion is a bit; the bill is the cost.

16. Maybe this reference to "yellow-chaser" is so aged as to be yellowed itself. Coincidentally enough. Well, boys and girls, there is a toothpaste called Pepsodent, and here's how its old jingle went: "You'll wonder where the yellow went, when you brush your teeth with Pepsodent." There was a time when every fourth joke in this nation's media (we didn't know they were media then) alluded to this catchphrase, the "Where's the Beef?" of its day. And now, *où sont les neiges jaunes d'antan? Epsod* enclosed in *pent*.

21. You got this, right? If not, write to Mr. Richard Penniman, care of Desilu Productions.

22. This is not meant to be a crack at anyone's religion. If someone believes that Jehovah is his éminence grise, then I respect that. As long as he respects my belief that the very same Jehovah came to me in a vision last night as I was grilling a wiener and said He had never *heard* of Pat Robertson. Well, actually, He'd heard of about 185,000 Pat Robertsons. He cares about us, but He can't be expected to tell us apart. Not after all these years. He remembered "wonder where the yellow went."



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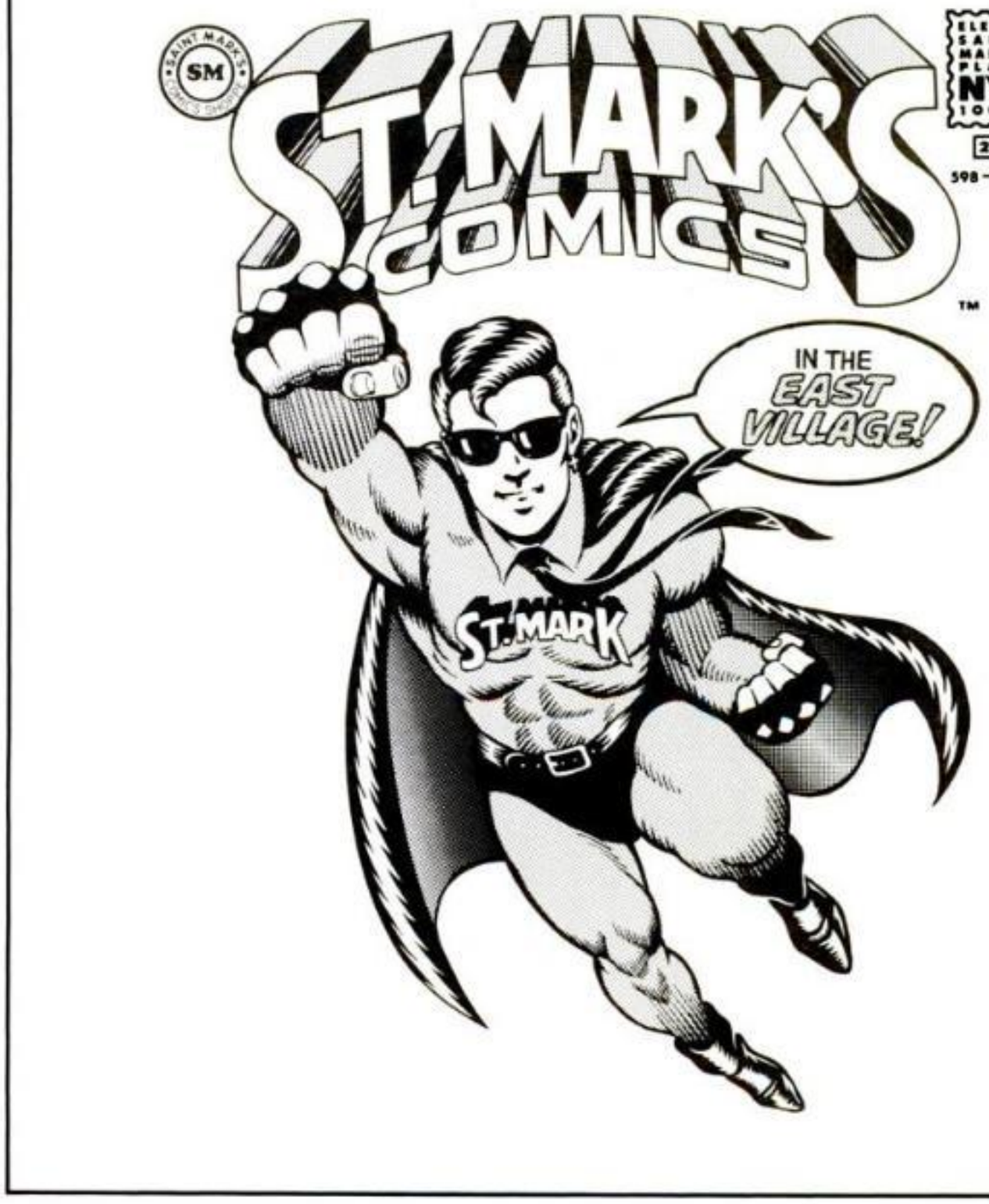
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a living." This is a popular misconception. In fact, the world does owe me a living, but I have agreed to accept its IOU until the world can get back on its feet again and pay up. ❸

DOWNTOWN: IT'S LIKE YOU KNOW...

By Melik Kaylan

10012

HAVING RETURNED from driving a new Jaguar XJ6 in the sheep-strewn and dew-drenched Scottish Highlands, beckoned on by Macbeth-country signposts indicating Birnam wood and Dunsinane, the prospect of commuting, instead, between Milkbar and 4D and Nell's for the next few months.... *I should have died hereafter/it would have been in an XJ6/Voodoo Lounge and Palladium and Madam Rosa creeps in this petty pace from day to day/to the last syllable of recorded RUN-D.M.C.*

Perhaps these places might seem less dispiriting if the local fauna were less herdlike and unquestioning. Since no one does anything but be there, like animals in a habitat or celebrities in a photograph, what is there left but to strike poses? Hence the ubiquity of Andy Warhol. Nell's seems to be his current favorite because it's well lit—you can see him better. And he follows a standard procedure: he's always embalmed on a sofa and flanked by twittering acolytes while he stares forward expressionlessly. He, at least, knows the protocol. I wonder if Warhol doesn't get a fee for his appearances. He is, after all, the patron saint of nightclubs. When his effigy is wheeled into a joint, everyone breathes a sigh of relief. This is, after all, the place to be. Furthermore, he is such a perfect object lesson in correct behavior. Oh, dear, it's all too depressing.

There are only two things more melancholy than the sight of a club clone looking terminally blasé. One is the sight of a suburban neophyte all too visibly excited at being there, like a peasant at the lord mayor's wedding. The other is the East Villager of integrity who complains—like a sixties activist at an eighties gathering—that "the scene is dead," the real scene, that is, and that we are now merely living through the commercial afterglow.

All three are unpleasant, but the last one is the most exceptionable. Why? Because such people are instrumental in fostering the notion that we have just been through a golden age of creativity, a period of artistic efflorescence—notable for its extreme brevity—that centered on the Lower East Side of Manhattan. Well, whatever it was, it certainly engendered a Gadarene rush of galleries, nightclubs, performers and decorative artists, a couple of books, a few movies and, in its heyday, a lot of haircuts.

Above all, it generated a visual atmosphere, a "look." You could tell immediately if something was "downtown" in flavor: Madonna in *Desperately Seeking Susan,* or a painting by Rodney Alan Greenblat. It had something to do with celebrating, perhaps half ironically, the trashy lower depths of consumerism. It was a way of reclaiming the gaudy mass-produced instant culture that washed about us in childhood: the dotty television shows, the cheap bubble-gum baubles, the plastic handbags. And catering to near children, it was of necessity an infantile culture, shored up by its appurtenances, skin-deep and terminally visual.

The main attribute of this reincarnation was the sheer absence of ideas. Unlike those of the pre-Raphaelites, Modernists, Constructivists, Left Bankers and Beats, our own golden age had all the appearances of a movement but none of the content. No politics, poetics, intellectual conscience, nothing. Just "attitude"—the definitive linguistic coinage of our generation, and I'm not sure what it means. You could say it had an aesthetic, but when you try to describe same, you are quickly embroiled in a formless debate about plastic earrings with people who insist on starting every sentence with "It's like."

Now, I've thought long and hard about this one. People say, "It's like," as in "It's like I couldn't, I mean like I was in the Twilight Zone or something," because they are incapable of distinguishing the general concept from the particular image. These days people string together situations, objects of jewelry and pictures of celebrities partying instead of putting together thoughts. It goes something like this: Larry Hagman plus swimming pools equals Dallas, which equals sunshine and money. Patty Duke equals childhood equals minidresses equals fabulous outfits and parties. You can't break these down into constituent parts. They are to be taken whole or not at all. Otherwise they fragment like Bakelite bracelets. The wellspring must be television and the pressure to visualize rather than verbalize experience.

No matter; as people often say when someone criticizes East Village art, the Impressionists weren't appreciated in their time, either. There was and still is, down here, a will to escape scrutiny. Things just are the way they are—or *you're* the one who's maladjusted. ❸

Party Poop



Has conservatism run its course? Is there such a thing as public relations for the sake of public relations? Pat Buckley kept a stiff upper lip when her husband, Bill, threw a party at Tavern on the Green to promote his favorite peanut butter. (A publicity circular says, "It provides just the right 'mouthfeel' for the adult palate.") She may have been embarrassed by the buffet (Fluffernutters and peanut butter blini), but it wasn't nearly as mortifying as the time WFB proposed mandatory tattoos for homosexuals. *Above,* while Pat gives her man an indulgent love look, he squeezes P.B. from a tube onto celery, which she eats lustily. *Right,* Warner LeRoy gazes at food.

CUTE COUPLES: Beaver-faced mogul Saul Steinberg thanks his dietitian, Gayfryd (*above left*), for allowing him to eat a bite of Linzer torte at MoMA's Vienna Ball.... *Above right,* at SPY's launch party, boulevardier Jim Kelly regales Amy Horton with anecdote about 1964 World's Fair.... *Above*: Listerine heiress Sue Whitmore and Harry Bell, both apparently oblivious to the fact that there *is* a cure for simple halitosis.

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Party Poop





CORRECTION: SPY knowingly identified a photograph of Ann Cummings as Dianne Brill in the November issue. To avoid any further confusion, this is not Miss Brill in her signature *bustier* (*left*).... Liberty Medal winner Abe Rosenthal (far left) seems to like his women womanly, too, as this shot of him and chronic date Shirley Lord testifies.





LIP SERVICE. *Left*: As understated as ever, former IT girl Sylvia Miles poses with scary Andrea Reynolds. *Inset*: Andrea applies lipstick, making sure she looks her best for her big photo opportunity. Wacky Texans Mrs. Kenneth Schnitzer and James Milford (*right*), also proponents of public makeup application.









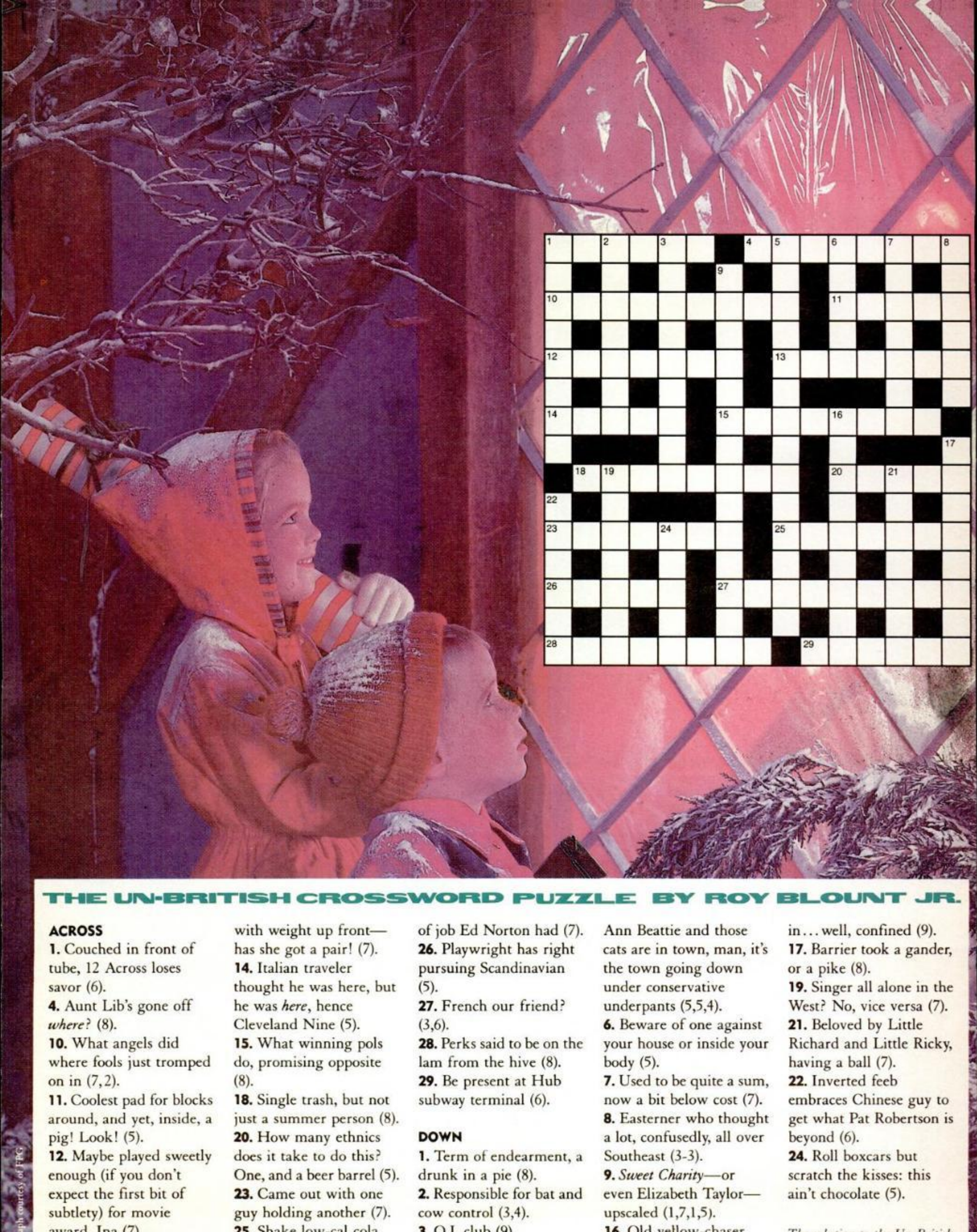
THIS LITTLE PIGGY HAD ROAST BEEF. *Above*: At 4D, husky boys Roman Ricardo, Ford Croell, Doug E. Fresh, Vito Bruno and Russel Buckingham attempt to make the underattended club seem crowded.



GIRLTALK: At a Forbes Galleries opening, Louise Nevelson consults her crystal ball and advises Elizabeth de Cuevas that guys really go for heavy eye makeup. *Left*, Colleen Dewhurst lets Fran Lebowitz lick her fingers. *Below*, Jerry Zipkin and Liz Smith jabber at the Fête de Famille to benefit AIDS research. ADMISSION TO ALL, read the terribly cute poster, ONLY 20,000 CENTS!



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THE UN-BRITISH CROSSWORD PUZZLE BY ROY BLOUNT JR.

ACROSS

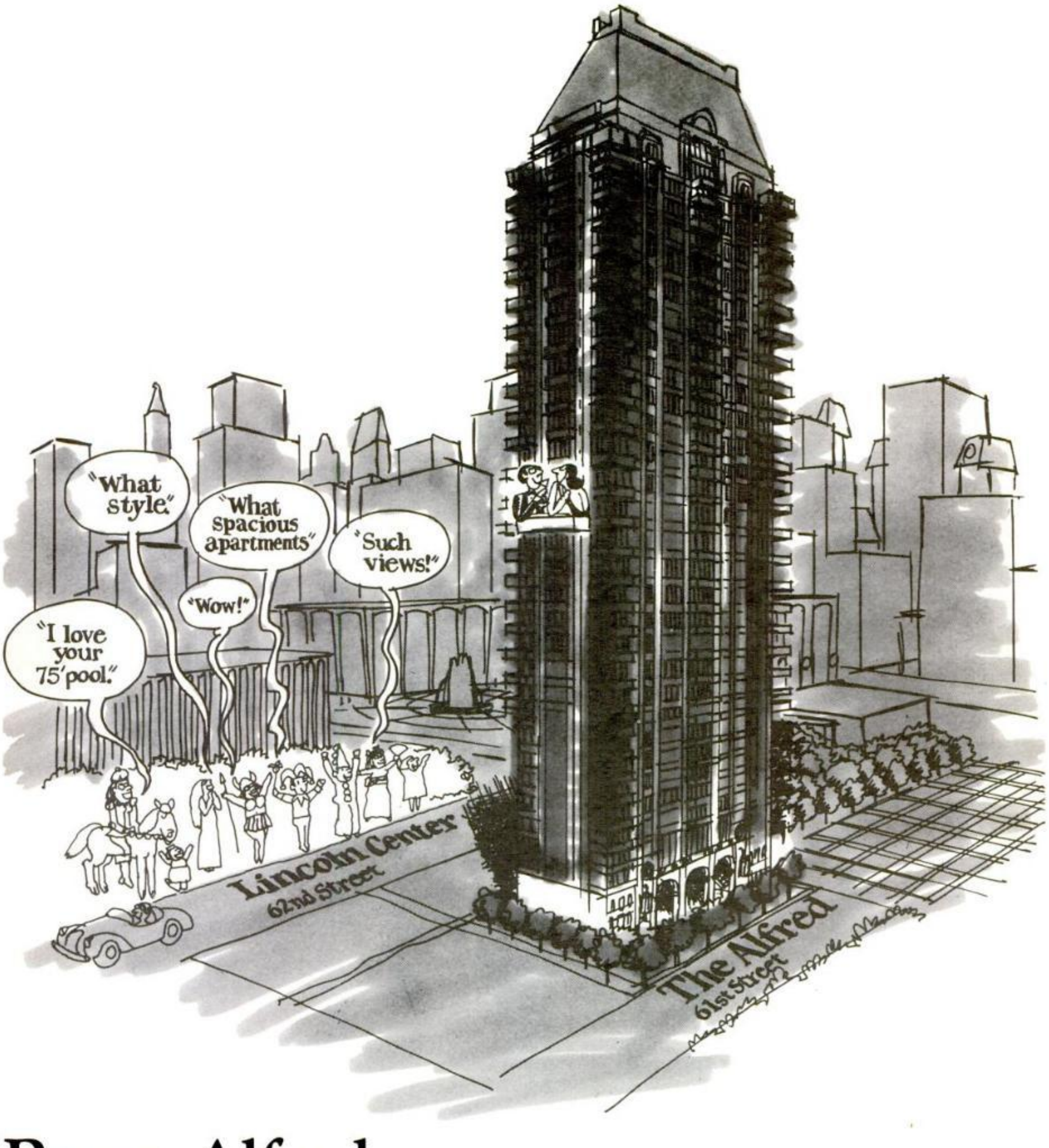
1. Couched in front of tube, 12 Across loses savor (6).
4. Aunt Lib's gone off *where?* (8).
10. What angels did where fools just tromped on in (7,2).
11. Coolest pad for blocks around, and yet, inside, a pig! Look! (5).
12. Maybe played sweetly enough (if you don't expect the first bit of subtlety) for movie award, Ina (7).
13. Sounds like Bubbles with weight up front—has she got a pair! (7).
14. Italian traveler thought he was here, but he was *here*, hence Cleveland Nine (5).
15. What winning pols do, promising opposite (8).
18. Single trash, but not just a summer person (8).
20. How many ethnics does it take to do this? One, and a beer barrel (5).
23. Came out with one guy holding another (7).
25. Shake low-cal cola and remove owl: the kind of job Ed Norton had (7).
26. Playwright has right pursuing Scandinavian (5).
27. French our friend? (3,6).
28. Perks said to be on the lam from the hive (8).
29. Be present at Hub subway terminal (6).

DOWN

1. Term of endearment, a drunk in a pie (8).
2. Responsible for bat and cow control (3,4).
3. O.J. club (9).
5. When Ray Carver and Ann Beattie and those cats are in town, man, it's the town going down under conservative underpants (5,5,4).
6. Beware of one against your house or inside your body (5).
7. Used to be quite a sum, now a bit below cost (7).
8. Easterner who thought a lot, confusedly, all over Southeast (3-3).
9. *Sweet Charity*—or even Elizabeth Taylor—upscaled (1,7,1,5).
16. Old yellow-chaser posed crazily confined in . . . well, confined (9).
17. Barrier took a gander, or a pike (8).
19. Singer all alone in the West? No, vice versa (7).
21. Beloved by Little Richard and Little Ricky, having a ball (7).
22. Inverted feeb embraces Chinese guy to get what Pat Robertson is beyond (6).
24. Roll boxcars but scratch the kisses: this ain't chocolate (5).

The solution to the Un-British Crossword appears on page 51.

Photograph courtesy of FPG



Bravo, Alfred

It can't sing, read a line or play a note. Yet, it's the new star of the Lincoln Center neighborhood.

It's The Alfred, a free-standing 38-story condominium tower, rising directly across the street from Lincoln Center. Just opened, it's playing to rave reviews.

"I didn't believe such park and river views still existed." "The wood-and-leather lobby is a stunning scene stealer." "The security measures deserve a standing ovation." "The recreational facilities—especially the 75' U.S. records length indoor pool—are a tour de force."

Who are the people saying nice things about us? The astute buyers who bought apartments at pre-completion prices. But don't take their word for it. See if we measure up to your high standards.

Pre-completion prices: One bedrooms from $229,000/Duplexes from $318,000/Two bedrooms from $331,000/Three bedrooms from $452,000. **Prices subject to change without notice.* Special financing available. Call our sales office, 212-956-3999, to schedule an appointment to see our furnished model today. The Alfred, 161 West 61 Street across from Lincoln Center.

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Illustration by David Dircks

IT'S A WONDERFUL LIFE

underground in our New, Improved New York. This Christmas Eve, when last-minute shoppers step aboard the Lexington Avenue Holiday Express, they will find the air filled with the sweet smells of baking—and there to greet them, the kindliest old gent in all of Manhattan. Although the train runs just one day a year, no detail has been overlooked, from the burnished cherry wainscot to the piped-in Brian Eno music. So, weary subway traveler, brush the snow off your fedora and loosen your muffler for a few soothing stops. Michael, the subway concierge (and, he claims, a great-grandson of Horace Greeley), will attend you with a glass of port or a mug of his special eggnog.

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